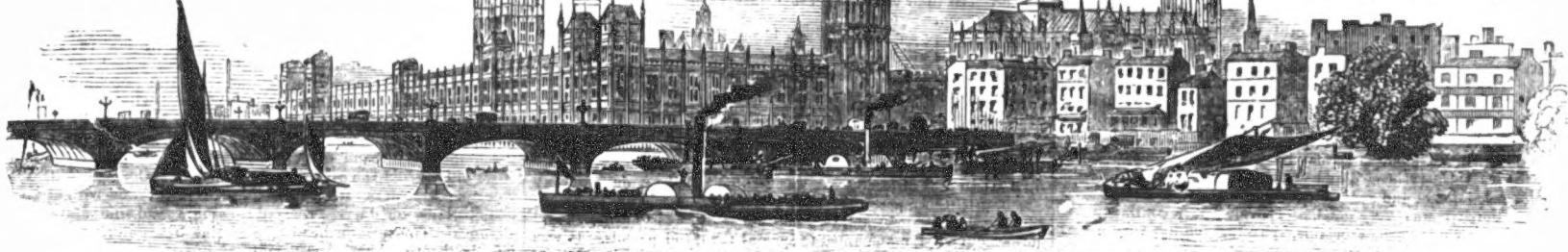


John Dicks 310 Strand

NEWSPAPER REGD

17 DEC 1866

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 183.—VOL. IV. NEW SERIES.

London, Saturday, December 15, 1866.

ONE PENNY.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

ALTHOUGH the show of the Smithfield Club this year was held under very exceptional circumstances in consequence of the enforcement of the orders of the cattle plague commissioners, and the not unnatural anxiety, not to say panic, which the murrain has created amongst the agricultural classes, and which late returns have somewhat revived, it nevertheless bears magnificent testimony to the skill and enterprise of the breeders of cattle in this country. In the total number of entries it presented, it is true, a considerable falling off as compared even with last year, when the alarm which existed was at its height; but it exceeded the last of the shows in the old premises in Baker-street by nearly seventy, curiously enough it touches the number reached in 1862, the first year of the exhibition in the Agricultural Hall at Islington, and was only about forty below that for 1863. In 1864 it attained its greatest number, 532; in 1865 it was 453, and this year it was 418. Of course it was in the cattle classes that the diminution is chiefly apparent; for here the entries were as 207 to 274 in 1864, and 223 last year. Of the premier prize animals in every class it may with safety be asserted that finer stock can

hardly be imagined, whether we speak of cattle, sheep, or pigs. The weakest points were in Herefords, where there was a manifest and lamentable deterioration of an excellent breed, and in the Leicesters and some other long-wooled sheep, where clever shepherds with their shears appear to have succeeded in producing effects very pleasing to the eye undoubtedly, but not so satisfactory to the touch.

Taking the respective classes in the order in which they stand in the yard and beginning with the cattle, the Devons may be pronounced a great advance upon the show of recent years. Their improvement is most striking. In perfection of form, and therefore in beauty, they surpass everything around them. They also carry a considerable quantity of good succulent beef on their backs, in this differing from their larger and more portly rivals of the short-horn and Hereford breeds, which carry more of their supplies on the lower part of the body. This meed of praise is due alike to oxen, steers, cows, and heifers; and it is a noteworthy fact, as illustrating the excellence of these classes, that, although, owing to their smaller size in comparison with other pure sorts, the silver cup for the best animal shown was not awarded to a Devon, yet the judges selected the four years and eight months old Devon ox

of Mr. Walter Farthing, in Class 3, as the "reserved" beast for that distinction in the event of the winner being hereafter proved from any cause to have been disqualified. Passing to the Herefords, having already intimated, or left to be inferred, that this department does not come up to an average, little remains to be added more than that, whereas scarcely an example of excessive feeding is to be found in the other classes, and that in all cases, with perhaps two or three exceptions only, the flesh is laid on evenly, here amongst the Herefords we detected great shapeless "gobbets" of fat on the rump and top sides at every turn, and many of the animals looked as if they had better have been kept at home, unless by sending them to the Agricultural Hall, London, Christmas prices were secured. In saying this we by no means wish to condemn the whole class in the lump, for there were some really good beasts exhibited, and the prize animals are creditable specimens of their kind. We regret to state that this portion of the show was shorn of what we are assured would have greatly improved its complexion and given it a better position alongside its competitors by an accident to a fine Hereford ox belonging to Mr. Bettridge, of Wantage. On being removed from the cattle-truck at the metropolitan terminus of the railway the



SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.—"I'LL TOSS YOU FOR THE GOLD MEDAL."

poor beast slipped, and being of enormous weight, broke its leg just above the hock. The accident was irreparable. Science and art were applied to it in vain. Its ultimate destiny was anticipated by a week, and the day following it had to be slain.

A numerous and magnificent collection was that of shorthorns. Hitherto the premier prize has, in four or five cases out of six, been adjudicated to them, but notwithstanding that they made so good a display this year their success seems for the time to have abandoned them. Amongst them lives the competition was very close. The worst beast of the lot would in many country shows take a foremost rank; the best therefore may well be imagined to be of a superior order. But they have found their match, and more, on the present occasion, in the cross-breeds, and even in some of the local breeds. Taking the latter first, the show of Sussex and of Norfolk or Suffolk polled were superb. So also were the Scotch polled, of which, if there were prizes enough to meet the emergency, every one might be deemed worthy of participating in them. Especially remarkable for size, symmetry, and quality is the four years and nine months' ox exhibited by the executors of the late Sir Gordon Cumming, and which, next to Mr. Fairthorne's Devon ox, above referred to, was the most formidable rival encountered by the winner of the principal prize. Of the long-horned breed, only four were shown, and these possess no noticeable features. The same may be said of Scotch horned; but McNaught's shaggy-headed and wild-looking little Scotch horned has excited interest and amusement. What of the Welsh breed were in the hall was very good, and evidenced a continued advance in the improvement of this, speaking locally, very useful stock.

We have now reached the class in which the best ox in any of the classes is to be found, namely, the cross or mixed breed. Stimulated by the encouragement received from the Smithfield Club, in conjunction with the Royal Agricultural Society, the cross-breeds have of late years made striking and rapid advances. Year after year we have had to record the fact that these animals have been constantly growing in importance, and once, we believe, the cup was awarded to a cross-bred; but the owners of pure short-horns and Herefords looked upon that as peculiarly an accident. They had been caught napping, they said, and it could not occur again. But it has occurred again, and that under circumstances in which no such excuse can be pleaded, especially by the short-horn breeders. A short-horn and Scotch polled ox, four years and eight months old, belonging to Richard Heath Harris, of Ears Hill, Favers, Morayshire, achieved this success, and that in the face of an unexceptionable fine collection of short-horns. The breeders of the latter, however, may derive consolation from the fact that Mr. Harris' ox is a cross with a short-horn, of which it possesses some of the best characteristics. To their honour they readily admit that the animal is entitled to the distinction conferred upon it; but in seeking for defects they will tell you that it is rather thin in the flanks and short in the rump. They have also the satisfaction of being able to boast that the silver cup for cows and heifers is carried off by the strawberry roan short-horn, No. 129, of Mr. Richard Stratton, a model of symmetry and beauty that goes far to support their theory relative to the greater value of the female animal which Colonel Towneley, we believe, was one of the first to start.

In the sheep classes, the Leicesters and long wools have already been incidentally mentioned; Lord Berners' pen of Leicesters carried away the cup here. Mr. Walmsley's sheep in the same class competed closely with them, but they hardly entered on equal terms, owing to having travelled upwards of 200 miles before reaching the show-yard. They are a very beautiful pen, and much heavier than their rivals. Mr. Walmsley is an exhibitor at these shows, who always achieves more or less of success; and it is a curious and interesting fact that, although totally blind, he himself selects from his numerous flock, guided by the touch alone, such animals as he sends for competition. That his judgment is a sound one successive awards sufficiently attest. A nice pen of Leicesters, too, was that of Mr. Laurence Willmore, in Class 36. The owner has occasionally distinguished himself both in Baker-street and the Agricultural Hall, and although his good fortune has this time deserted him, these sheep, as well as his splendid ewe in the extra stock, appeared to have experienced less of the clipping process than many around them.

The short wools of all kinds came out in great force, particularly the Southdowns, which are equal to the finest we have ever seen. Here Lord Walsingham appropriates the silver cup, being run very closely by the Goodwood flock. Mr. Rigden's good luck has for once forsaken him; but it is satisfactory to know that some new names were to be found among the prize-getters for this handsome and delicate meat-producing animal.

The exhibition of pigs, if not a large, was a very capital one. Mr. John Coate, of Hammerton, Blandford, took the silver cup, beating all competitors.

All round the principal hall, below and above the spacious galleries, there was the usual enormous conglomeration of agricultural and farm implements of all conceivable and inconceivable kinds.

PROFESSIONAL COSTUME.—The *Toronto Globe* of the 22nd ult. has the following paragraph:—"The proceedings in the Court of Common Pleas, yesterday, were varied by a rather lively episode. In the course of a brief pause in the business, the Chief Justice, looking at one of the legal gentlemen present, made the startling inquiry whether that (referring specially to the light-coloured vest in which the gentleman was eyeing) was professional costume. The interrogatory seemed to act pretty much as a bombshell among the assembled barristers, who were so astonished that the silence was unbroken, until the query was pointedly repeated from the bench. Then followed an explanation from the offender, who urged in his defence that he had to travel some distance before making his appearance, and made a hasty toilet. His lordship remarked that there was a growing habit among lawyers of carelessly costuming themselves for appearance in court; the want of professional etiquette was, he said, making itself more manifest in this particular. Desirous, no doubt, of softening the rebuke, his lordship added, by way of joke, that if ever again any of the young gentlemen found themselves short of black vests, he would, on a notification to that effect, be very happy to supply them with some of his own. The joke "brought down the house," and for once the echoes of that solemn court were awakened by a general roar of laughter. The figure which any of the young barristers would cut if arrayed in the capacious garment of his lordship may be more easily imagined than described."

HORRIBLE DEATH IN A MILL.—A man named Robert Savage, thirty years of age, has just met with a shocking death at a mill in Littledale. Deceased went to the grindstone to sharpen a hammer, and was caught by the machinery. His clothes were completely torn off his body in long shreds, which, together with his watch, were found tightly wrapped around the shaft. The body presented an awful spectacle.

Notes of the Week.

At an early hour on Saturday a daring attempt was made to enter the cashier's office at the Woolwich Dockyard. About £2,500 in gold, silver, and copper had been received from London on Friday afternoon, for the purpose of paying wages on Saturday, and it would seem that the object of the burglars was to obtain possession of that large sum of money. The burglars are supposed to have passed through an outer window into the store-keeper's public office, which is immediately over the room in which the money lay. With great patience the burglars removed as much of the flooring as would admit the passage of a man, but were then balked of their design by coming upon a stout beam of timber. All their efforts upon this were vain. They managed to escape unseen.

On Saturday an inquest was held on Elizabeth Kelly, seventy, who was killed in getting out of a railway carriage while the train was in motion at the Poplar Station. She was seen being dragged along between the footboard of the carriage and the platform, and a porter in rescuing her was injured, and his clothes were much torn. She was sent to the London Hospital, where she died from the effect of the injuries received. Verdict, "Accidental death."

A good deal of excitement was created in Wigan on Saturday evening by the report that the collector of income and assessed taxes was "wanted," and that the sum which he had collected and not accounted for amounted to several thousand pounds. It was unfortunately found that the rumour had a very solid foundation, as Mr. George McWilliam, the collector in question, had not been seen since Thursday week; his wife and family, too, were missing, and the amount owing from him on account of the taxes was between £1,500 and £2,000. Mr. McWilliam has held the post for several years, and he was able, in addition to the duties which the office entailed upon him, to collect the rents of a large number of tenements, and to act as agent for a large spirit dealer in Liverpool. He held a respectable position in the town, but hitherto his conduct has hardly been satisfactory, and the gravest fears have been excited by his inattention to his duties and general habits. On Saturday, his disappearance was noticed, and when it was found that his wife and his three children had also left their home in Charles-street it was decided, when the state of his accounts was ascertained, to take proceedings for his apprehension. The same day the police took possession of the contents of his house, in which but little furniture was found, and of his office in Standishgate-place, where there was not much in addition to the safe and a number of books.

The Court.

On Saturday the Duke of Edinburgh closed a visit which he paid to Lord Alfred Paget, at Melford Hall, Suffolk. For the accommodation of his royal highness an elegant suite of rooms, used by the Prince and Princess of Wales last year, were again brought into requisition; and the bedroom prepared for the duke was the same as that used by the Prince and Princess of Wales, being, moreover, the identical chamber in which Queen Elizabeth slept when she visited Melford. The weather was rather wet, but some successful shooting parties were formed, and on one evening Lord and Lady Alfred Paget gave a ball.

A number of French and Italian artists are continually engaged in painting and otherwise decorating the interior walls of the Prince Consort's mausoleum at Frogmore. The Queen is much interested in the progress of the works, which are almost daily inspected by her Majesty, but it is expected they will not be in a sufficient state of completion for the next twelve months to allow of the removal of the Prince's coffin from its temporary abode to its final resting-place in the granite sarcophagus.—*Court Journal.*

The Queen, their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, attended divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel, Windsor. The Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster preached the sermon.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, left Marlborough House on Saturday afternoon for Sandringham. The suite in attendance consisted of Lieut.-Colonel Kepell, Major Teesdale, and Lieutenant Haig.

On Monday morning, her Majesty, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, and attended by the Marchioness of Ely and Major-General F. H. Seymour, esquire in waiting, drove from the Castle to the Windsor Royal Infirmary, where they were received by the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley and Mr. Brickwell, the house-surgeon, Mr. Holderness, Mr. Pearl and Dr. Fairbank, the visiting surgeons. Mr. Brickwell had the honour of being introduced to her Majesty and the Princess by Major-General Seymour; afterwards the Queen, with the Princess Louise and royal suite, were conducted over the females' and males' wards. Her Majesty made kind inquiries into the various cases of the patients, which were explained by Mr. Brickwell the Queen giving a kind nod of recognition to each patient. The royal party afterwards proceeded to the board-room, and her Majesty and Princess Louise wrote their names in the visitors' book, and before leaving the Queen was graciously pleased to express her satisfaction with the order of this excellent establishment. At the present time there are six women and one child in one ward, and eight adult males in the other ward, under treatment for medical and surgical maladies.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, arrived at Oakley Park on Monday by special train from the Prince of Wales's Norfolk seat at Sandringham. At Disraeli's royal highnesses were received by Sir Edward and Lady Caroline Kerrison and other distinguished persons, and by thousands of people, the arrival of the train being the signal for the firing of rockets, the ringing of bells, and a hundred other demonstrations of joy felt at the royal visit. Their royal highnesses were conducted to Sir Kerrison's carriage and four, and proceeded thus to their destination, under the escort of a troop of volunteers.

You can restore health and strength without medicine, in one's leaven or ex parte by eating Du Barry's delicious health restoring I valid a d Infra t's Food, the Revalente Armbica, which yields thrice the nourishment of the best meat, and cures Dyspepsia (i. digestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, palpitation of the Heart, Con-tipation, Diarrhoea, Asthma, Heartburns, Nervous, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaints, and gives fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cu. es. Priced 1s. of his Holiness, the Pope, which had resisted all other remedies for thirty years. Du Barry and Co., 77, Regent street, London, W. 1. tins, at 1s. 1d.; 1lb. 2s. 9d.; 12lbs. 22s.; 24lbs. 4s. At all grocers.—[Advertisement.]

In consequence of the reduction in duty, Horniman's Tea are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co., London"—[Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The *Patric* says:—"It is stated that four companies of French troops will remain at Rome until the end of December, to regulate matters referring to the military administration. There is some question of increasing the strength of the Roman legion by one battalion."

A Compiegne letter gives the following details concerning the last theatrical performance at Court:—

"The Emperor entered the box, having the Empress on his arm, and followed by the Prince Imperial, who seated himself at his Majesty's right. On the left of the Empress was the Prince de Metternich and Prince Achille Murat. On the right of the Prince Imperial sat the Baroness de Budberg and Prince de Metternich. The Emperor was in plain evening dress, and wore, as usual, the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour. The young prince had on a jacket of black velvet, short full trousers of the same material, and red silk stockings. The Empress wore a dress of black velvet trimmed with jet, and round her neck and in her hair magnificent diamonds. The Princess de Metternich wore white satin, studded with gold stars; on the forehead a wide band of gold, and a necklace composed of five rows of chains of the same metal. The First Chamberlain, Viscount de Lafenerie, stood behind the Emperor, and with him the chamberlains on duty, Prince de Tarente and the Marquis de Piennes. The performance began at nine, but the Prince Imperial left the theatre at half-past ten."

ROME.

The *Nazione* of Monday publishes the following speech, addressed by the Pope to the officers of the 85th Regiment of French troops at Rome:—

"Before your departure I wish to bid you farewell. Your flag left France to restore the Holy See. On its departure it was accompanied by the unanimous good wishes of the nation. The flag now returns to France, but I believe that many consciences will not be satisfied. I wish it to be received in the same manner as when it left France, but I doubt whether this will be the case. There must be no illusions. The revolution will come to the gates of Rome. It has been said that Italy is complete. No; she is not complete; and, if she exists as she is, it is because there remains this scrap of territory, where I am still at the present time. When this no longer remains the flag of the revolution will float over the Italian capital. To reassure me a tempest is made to persuade me that Rome by the nature of its position cannot be the capital of Italy. I am tranquil because I have confidence in the divine protection. Go to France with my benediction. Let those who are able to approach the Emperor tell him that I pray for him and his and for his tranquillity. But he also must do something. France is the eldest daughter of the church, but it does not suffice to wear the title—the right to wear it must be proved by deeds."

THE QUEEN'S LATE VISIT TO WOLVERHAMPTON.

ON Monday afternoon, at a meeting of the Wolverhampton Town Council, the mayor read a letter which, marked private, he had obtained through Sir C. Grey (the writer) the permission of the Queen to read at that meeting. The letter was dated Windsor Castle, Dec. 1, and after stating that an official answer to the address of the corporation would be sent from the Home-office, said:—

"But her Majesty is anxious that you should hear, less formally, and as it were more directly from herself, how much she was gratified by the heartiness and cordiality of the reception she met with from every individual of the vast assemblage that yesterday filled your streets; and how deeply—how very deeply—she was touched by the proof which the day's proceedings afforded of the respect and affection entertained at Wolverhampton for the memory of her beloved husband. The arrangements for the preservation of order, and to prevent confusion, were beyond all praise; but even these would hardly have been sufficient had you not been seconded by the excellent disposition of the people themselves. (Loud cheers.) I have also been requested by Princess Christian to say how much she has been gratified by the kindness shown yesterday to herself and Prince Christian, and that she will have much pleasure in wearing the beautiful bracelet presented to her at the station as a remembrance of a most interesting and gratifying day.—Believe me, yours very faithfully,

"C. GREY."

Sir John Morris then read a letter he had received from Sir Thomas Biddulph, in which the Queen desired that her condolence might be conveyed to the wounded volunteer; and also the expression of her Majesty's intention to settle upon him an annuity of £20, payable quarterly. The announcement was received with great enthusiasm in the council.

THE SEIZURE OF A RAILWAY TRAIN.—The following is told in connexion with the recent seizure for debt of a railway train near Shrewsbury. As has been already stated, the ordinary traffic of the line was, after the enforcement of the writ, permitted to be continued, with the proviso that a bailiff should accompany each train. This condition was naturally very galling to the officials of the railway company, but they nevertheless treated the representatives of the civil law with marked politeness. On the night of his first becoming a constant passenger by the line he rode in a first class carriage to Llanynech, and on the return journey the attentive guard conducted him to a similar compartment, which was devoted to his sole occupation. On arriving at Kinnerley the bailiff became conscious of the progress of an elaborate process of shunting, followed by an entire stoppage of the train. After sitting patiently for some minutes it occurred to him to put his head out of the window and inquire the reason for the delay, and in carrying out the idea, he discovered that the train of which his carriage had lately formed a part was vanishing from sight round a distant curve in the line. He lost no time in getting out and making his way into the station, which he found locked up, according to custom, after the passage through of the last down train. Kinnerley is a small roadside station, about twelve miles from Shrewsbury, and offers no accommodation for chance guests; and, had it been otherwise, it was, of course, the first duty of the bailiff to look after the train, of which he was at that moment supposed to be in possession. There being no alternative, he started on foot for Shrewsbury, where he arrived shortly after midnight, having accomplished a perilous passage along the line. It appeared, on inquiry, that in the course of the shunting the coupling-chain which connected the tail-coach with the body of the train had by some means become unlinked, hence the accident. The bailiff accepted the explanation, but on subsequent journeys has carefully avoided the tail-coach.

General News.

A sad occurrence has just happened at Arth, in France. Lieutenant Felchin was some time back bitten in the thumb by a man named Muller, but he thought nothing of the wound, and went next day a journey on his private affairs. On reaching Bale he found his hand and arm begin to swell, and a medical man declared that the case was one of poisoning from a human bite. He at once returned home in haste, but he refused to have the arm amputated. The consequence was that the inflammation increased frightfully, and he died some days after in horrible suffering.

A PARIS correspondent writes:—"Cloaks are to come back to fashion this winter. Paletots are to be given up, and all male *bigots* who respect themselves and the mandates of the Jockey Club are to appear draped in the ample folds of something between a Spanish cape and the old military cloak."

HETHERTON a married soldier, whether a non-commissioned officer or a private, has, when on detached duty, had the burden thrown upon him of maintaining his wife and family in the garrison which he has temporarily left. By a recent order of the War-office, this is no longer to be the case. The wife and family are to be allowed rations out of the Government stores, or, if preferred, the wife is to receive 3d. and each of the children 1½d. per day instead.

The following members of the Common Law Bar are about to be made Queen's Counsel:—Mr. G. M. Dowdeswell, of the Oxford Circuit; Mr. T. J. Clarke of the Home Circuit; Mr. C. G. Prioux, Mr. H. T. Cole, and Mr. T. H. Kingdon, of the Western Circuit; and Dr. Spinks, of the Probate Court. The members of the Chancery Bar who are announced as about to receive the same dignity are:—Mr. Benjamin Hardy, Mr. Henry Cotton, Mr. J. T. Schomberg, Mr. E. K. Karslake, Mr. John Pearson, Mr. George Little, Mr. George Druce, Mr. E. E. Kay, and Mr. F. Roxburgh.—*Sunday Gazette*.

The witnesses appointed to represent the Emperor at the approaching accouchement of the Princess Clothilde are the Duke de Magenta and the Duke de Persigny; but the latter, being at present unwell, will probably be replaced by M. Bonjean, senator. Besides, there will be present, as on similar occasions, the ministers of state and of justice, as likewise the vicar of the Tuilleries.

The late Mrs. Francis Ann Williams, of Wandsworth, whose will has just been proved under 90,000*l.*, leaves the following charitable bequests—namely, 5,000*l.* to St. George's Hospital, to be expended towards the building of a ward to the hospital or for general purposes; and 500*l.* to each of the undermentioned institutions:—The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street; the Hospital for Incurables, Putney-heath; the Medical Benevolent College, Epsom; Cancer Hospital, Brompton; National Benevolent Institution; Governesses' Benevolent Institution; and to Lady Morrison's Fund of the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead; and she bequeaths to each of her godchildren a legacy of 1,000*l.*

The British Lying-in-Hospital in Endell-street has just received a donation of 500*l.* from an anonymous benefactor, who, we understand, has set apart the sum of 25,000*l.* for distribution amongst metropolitan charities. Such an act of munificence from one who is still living is very rare. The British Lying-in-Hospital receives the donation at a singularly opportune moment, as the funds of the charity have lately been severely drawn upon for necessary expenses in repairs and improvements.

JAMES RATCLIFF, of Wilderness-lane, Whitefriars-street, a City policeman, but now one of the pensioners of the City police fund, has come into possession of funded property to the amount of 125,000*l.*, besides an estate which realises 3,000*l.* per annum.

A LADY named Diamond, residing in her own house in the fashionable part of Southampton, has given the house and its furniture to the committee of the Royal South Hants Infirmary for the benefit of that institution, and has gone to reside in lodgings. The furniture has been sold by auction and fetched £500, and the house has been let for nearly £100 a-year.

A BRASS COIN of the Roman Emperor Antoninus Pius has been found at a place called Tegg Down, at Winchester, near the remains of the Roman road in that city.

TRIPLE BIRTH AT MIDDLESBOROUGH.—A few days ago, the wife of an engineman named Urwin, living in Todd's-buildings, Middlesborough, gave birth to three children. The Queen has been communicated with, and has presented the parents with the usual gratuity.

CAPTURE OF A FOX BY A SINGLE HOUND.—On Saturday, the 24th ult., Mr. John Nelson, of Gatesgarth, Buttermere, perceived a hound descending the mountain's brow in full view of a fine fox, which was only a few yards in advance of the dog. Both pursuer and pursued were stretching every muscle in running. The hound gradually crept to a closer proximity to the brush till within a few yards of the river, which descends into Ennerdale Lake. Here the dog, with one bound, caught the fox by the back, and they both rolled over into the river. Mr. Nelson then sent his sheep dog to assist the hound to despatch the capture, which was in a short time accomplished. It proved a fine dog fox, nearly 18lb. weight.

MORMONISM.—At a semi-annual conference of Mormons recently held at Salt Lake, Brigham Young gave an address, which is fully reported in his organ, the *Deseret News*. The following is an extract from it:—"The last time I was in the city of Lowell there were 14,000 more females than males in that one city. This is many years ago. They live and die in a single state and are forgotten. Have they filled the measure of their creation and accomplished the designs of heaven in bringing them upon the earth? No, they have not. Two thousand God-fearing men should go there, and take to themselves seven wives apiece. It is written in the Bible, 'And in that day seven women shall lay hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name to take away our reproach.' The Government of the United States do not intend that that prophecy shall be fulfilled, and the Lord Almighty means that it shall. Do you not think that the Lord will conquer? I think he will, and we are helping him. It is the decree of the Almighty that in the last days seven women shall take hold of one man, &c., to be counselled and advised by him, being willing to spin their own wool, make their own clothing, and do everything they can to earn their own living, if they can only bear his name to take away their reproach. What is this order for? It is for the resurrection; it is not for this world. I would not go across this bowery for polygamy, if it pertained only to this world. It is for the resurrection, and the spirit of the Lord has come upon the people, and upon the ladies especially, to prepare the way for the fulfilment of his word. The female sex have been deceived so long, and been trodden under foot by man so long, that a spirit has come upon them, and they want a place, a name, and a head; for the man is the head of the woman, to lead her into the celestial kingdom of our Father and God."

THE ROMANCE OF SWINDLING.

BETWEEN three and four months ago a young man of gentlemanly bearing and varied accomplishments was admitted to the circles of the "upper ten" in Clifton, during a brief residence here. He went by the name of Captain Patrick Chisholm Hay—was a very heavy "swell" in his way, spent money freely—had first-class appointments—was liberal to his companions—and in slang parlance "did the extreme heavy." His first appearance in Bristol, however, was hardly so dashing and stylish. Coming from no one knew whence, he took up his quarters at the Saracen's Head, which, after a brief sojourn, he quitted for the Adam and Eve, in Wine-street. At first he only asked for a bed for a single night, and, being of agreeable manners and a well-spoken man withal, Mr. Knowland admitted him. The stay was prolonged day by day. The stranger, although he gave himself out as a captain in the army, had at this time very little clothes, and what he had was not of the best possible description. This little matter he accounted for by saying that his luggage was at the railway station. His wardrobe was so limited that he only possessed one shirt; and, in order to keep up as decent an appearance as possible, he frequently washed his shirt himself. Sometimes, indeed, he was reduced to the strait of putting it on without being dried properly. Scrupulously clean was he, however, in his habits. Never would he come down in the morning without having his bath; and never would he put on his shabby clothes until they had been brushed by the domestic, Mr. Knowland, and his daughter, seeing no effects, and no probability of any, began to make inquiries, in reply to which the "captain" told them that he expected some money in a day or two, and that upon the receipt of it he would settle their bill. One morning he received by post 15*l.* in postage-stamps, and this fact gave his host some little confidence. Shortly after his arrival he wrote a long letter of four pages to the Earl of Derby, which he showed to Mr. Knowland's daughter, and in which he stated that he had spent thousands in the emigration scheme; and that having children and grandchildren to take abroad, he asked the Government for some assistance. This letter was written on behalf of Mrs. Chisholm, a name well known in connexion with emigration projects. A reply was received from his lordship's secretary, stating that Mrs. Chisholm was eligible for the Royal Bounty Fund, and that something should be done in a few days. This letter he forwarded to the Treasury, and he received in reply a draft for £100, accompanied by a printed form for a receipt. "Captain" Hay did not date his epistles from the Adam and Eve,—no, he was too cautious a bird for that. He frequented the Queen's Hotel, and thereby was enabled to write his letters upon the hotel note paper. Of course it was but reasonable that Mrs. Chisholm would stop at one of the aristocratic places, and so the clever gentleman played his cards accordingly. The draft which he received was cashed for two "fifties" on the Bank of England; and then the "Captain" set to work to rehabilitate himself. Toad, the tailor, was patronised for two suits of clothes and a greatcoat; Edwards, the hosier, received and executed an order for a dozen shirts, a dozen pairs of socks, a dozen pair of cuffs, a dozen collars, a dozen cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, in addition to scarves and gloves innumerable. A gold watch and a gold pin were bought, and a massive gold chain to the tune of £15 was obtained from Mr. Lambert, in College-green. Fashionable boots came home from Trenerry's, and fashionable hats from a "practical hatter's;" but with that admirable taste which characterises the "gentleman," he sent for a small batband, thinking that it "gave a tone" to the appearance. The exterior of Host Knowland's guest was altogether changed. Instead of a "seedy-looking swell," as he was then described, he became the fine gentleman introduced to the reader at the beginning of this narrative. The metamorphosis astonished every one, and the readiness with which he scattered his money gave assurance of his stability. The story that he gave out was that he had a share in the Banda and Kirwee prize booty, amounting to something like £1,600, and that Messrs. Grinley, the army agents, had forwarded him £100 on account. The gay cavalier was here, there, and everywhere. He patronised the circus, claimed an acquaintance with Mr. Hengler, whom he said he had known in Paris, hob-nobbed with the performers, and was very often seen walking about with two of the prominent members of the company. To one gentleman he gave a massive gold ring, receiving in return a *carte-de-visite*. Every one might have dipped into his cigar-case, for he was so profusely liberal that people took him to be far more of a fool than a rogue. Then, he was so exquisitely dressed—his style was so superior—his taste so unexceptionable. Twice a day he put on a new pair of the best lavender kids, at 3s. 9d. a pair. The His-tronic Fancy Fair was honoured with his patronage and presence, where he was to be seen with some of the circus men and one or two women of more than questionable reputation. Still his headquarters were at the Adam and Eve, from whence he wrote numerous letters, carefully using the blackest of black-edged note paper for the purpose. The "Captain" was no illiterate boor—no common swindler. He could play and sing with great taste, could speak several languages fluently, could sketch drawings, design monograms, or "chaff" anybody in the room. A sort of Admirable Crichton he was in his way—a complete master of the high-road to "society." Like a "fine gentleman" he patronised the prize-ring, and took the renowned Peter Millard under the shadow of his wing. Indeed, between pugilists, circus-riders, and Cyprians he appeared to pass the greater portion of his time, and during all this time he went by the sobriquet of "the Major." At length he quitted Bristol, and proceeded to Cheltenham. Here he drove his brougham, purchased horses, and became engaged to a widow lady with a large fortune. Everything seemed going on prosperously—he had turned up diamonds at last—but suddenly a "hitch" occurred somewhere, and he mysteriously vanished from the scene. Then he turned up at Chatham, where he wrote a letter to Mr. Knowland, dated from "Fort Pitt." In this communication he says: "I am here partly on military business with the colonel-commandant, with whom I am going out to India as senior aide-de-camp and brigade-major." He gives his address as "P. H. Chisholm Hay, 4th Brigade, B.I.A., Allahabad, Northern Province of India," implying thereby that communications are to be sent to him there. At Chatham, it appears, he took lodgings for six months, at £1 a week, representing himself as a superintendent of the dockyard; but after a while the tradespeople, finding he did not pay his accounts, gave information to the police, which resulted in his being committed to Maidstone Gaol for three months for obtaining goods under false pretences. But the gist of the story is to come. The £100 obtained from the Treasury was also obtained under false pretences, the so-called "Captain" having no connection with Mrs. Chisholm, or authority to write in her name. The Solicitor to the Treasury came down to Bristol last week, and saw Mr. Knowland and his daughters. The bank-notes had been traced, and Mr. Knowland's name being on one of them, he was naturally applied to. When Hay's lodgings were searched a lot of scraps of torn paper were found

under the grate of his room, and these having been carefully put together by the police, were found to be the four bills sent in by Mr. Knowland to him from time to time. The case is to be prosecuted by the Treasury at the termination of the present sentence. Altogether the case is a very romantic one. There are so many in Bristol who will remember the "fast" looking gentleman at the Fancy Fair, with his lavender-coloured gloves, and his ever-open cigar-case, that the matter has a decided local interest. It is understood that he is the son of a lady of title, and that his father has for some time allowed him 15*s.* a week, which accounts for the receipt of the postage stamps to that amount. We are informed that he tried to get another £100, but that the Government could not grant it out of the fund but once in three years. Another fund was, however, suggested, and had the matter gone on a few days longer it is very likely he would have fleeced the Treasury in a second little amount.—*Western Daily Press*.

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A DOCTOR.

A most determined attempt was made in St. Helier's, Jersey, by a man named Thomas Roberts, to take the life of Mr. Charles Le Vesconte Godfray, a medical practitioner and medical officer of the General Hospital. It appears that Mr. Godfray, after attending to his duties at the hospital, left that institution about twenty minutes past twelve in the day, intending to proceed home. While he was crossing the Parade, the man Roberts, who was hidden behind one of the large trees which stand in the grounds, stepped out suddenly and fired a gun at Mr. Godfray when he was a few yards distant. The shot took effect in his left shoulder, and brought him for a moment to his knees. He rose up, however, instantly, and, perceiving his assailant with the gun in his hand, ran to him, seized him by the neck, and tried to obtain possession of the gun, fearing that Roberts was about to use it again. The latter struggled and fought hard, but assistance speedily arrived, and he was secured, Mr. Godfray taking possession of the gun. Roberts was immediately conveyed to the police-station, and Mr. Godfray, weak and faint from loss of blood, was taken home, and attended by Mr. Le Cronier and Mr. Vaudin, surgeons. An examination of his wounds showed that four large shots struck his shoulder in a slanting direction, cutting the flesh, and passing off at the side, causing a copious flow of blood. One shot had passed down the spine and one of his legs, and was found in his boot. A charge of attempt to murder was entered against the prisoner, and while the charge was being taken he said, among other things, that he had long felt a desire to have revenge upon Dr. Godfray, and that he was sorry he had not succeeded in killing him on the spot. On his being searched the following articles were found upon him:—A powder-flask containing powder, a bag of No. 1 shot, a quantity of caps, and two knives, one of which was concealed in the lining of his waistcoat. The gun with which he had made the murderous attempt was a short one, resembling a walking-stick. The prisoner, who is about fifty years of age, has a wooden leg, and the alleged motive for the diabolical attempt is said to be the following:—Between two and three years ago he was an inmate of the General Hospital, suffering from a bad leg. He was duly attended by Dr. Godfray in the course of his duties at the institution. He left the hospital and went to England, where, his leg getting worse, he was obliged to submit to the process of amputation, to which he had a great objection. He returned to Jersey about six months ago, and has made no secret of his strong antipathy to and hatred of the doctor, to whom he attributes the loss of his leg, alleging that he did not receive proper treatment from him. He was formerly a sailor, but for some time past has been employed at labouring work.

MURDER, AND SENTENCE OF DEATH.

HENRY BROWNLESS, fifty-five, pitman, was charged at the Durham Assizes with the wilful murder of Ann Maria Reed, at Houghton-le-Spring, on the 18th of October, 1866. The case excited considerable interest. The court was full. The prisoner had on a suit of black. He wore round his neck a scarlet muffler, the thick folds of which concealed the marks caused by his attempts to cut his own throat. There was a peculiar expression about the prisoner's face. His cheek-bones were high and prominent; his forehead hard; his eyes small and sunken, and his mouth sharply cut and conforming with a generally low type of features. His hands were charred; his manner callous. The accused was said to have caused the death of a girl between two and three years of age by applying a red-hot poker to a barrel containing 20lb. of gunpowder. Mrs. Brownless, daughter-in-law of the prisoner, gave her evidence with difficulty. A medical gentleman had to be called to her, and as she was in a fainting state and generally ill, it was deemed advisable that she should leave the court for a short time. Mrs. Reed, the mother of the lost child, was indisposed. These females were provided with seats whilst giving their evidence.

Mr. Blackwell appeared for the prosecution; and Mr. Foster defended.

The evidence went to show that the prisoner, after drinking a glass or two of rum on the 18th October, applied a red-hot poker (which he had put into the fire) to a barrel containing 20lb. of gunpowder, causing an explosion which destroyed the premises, and so burnt the child Reed that she died. The other parties in the house were Mrs. Brownless and Mrs. Reed (whom the prisoner had sent for), and whom he was supposed to have had some ill-feeling towards, as he called them his two enemies, and had reflected on their reputation so much that his daughter-in-law had once left the house, but had been induced, by apology, to return.

Mr. Foster addressed the jury for the prisoner, attempting to set up a plea of insanity. The jury, however, after an hour's deliberation, found the prisoner "guilty" of murder, and he was sentenced to death.

A MAN WILFULLY BLINDED BY A FELLOW-WORKMAN.—The cowardly and horrible crime of throwing corrosive substances has been perpetrated by a mason, named Charles King, of Old Shildon, who was on Wednesday brought before the magistrates at Bishop Auckland, and remanded till Monday, charged with attempting to burn with a corrosive substance a fellow-workman, named Henry Scott, on Tuesday night. Prisoner, complainant, and his brother are all masons, and on Tuesday night were working overtime, by candlelight, at some new houses at Shildon. A bad feeling had sprung up between the brothers, who are Irish, and King, and the latter threw a handful of new-made lime into complainant's eyes, blinding him. There is not the slightest hope of the injured man ever recovering the sight of one eye, if he does not also lose the other.—*Sunderland Herald*.

FIFIX PIANOS, from £10. the Month for Hire, by Erard, Collard, Broadwood, &c. Several Offices for Sale, &c. Useful pianofortes, from £1. Instalments taken. Harmoniums, Harps, &c. Trade supplied.—At 8, High Holborn side-door. [Advertisement.]

AN OBSTINATE AND MYSTERIOUS PAUPER GIRL.

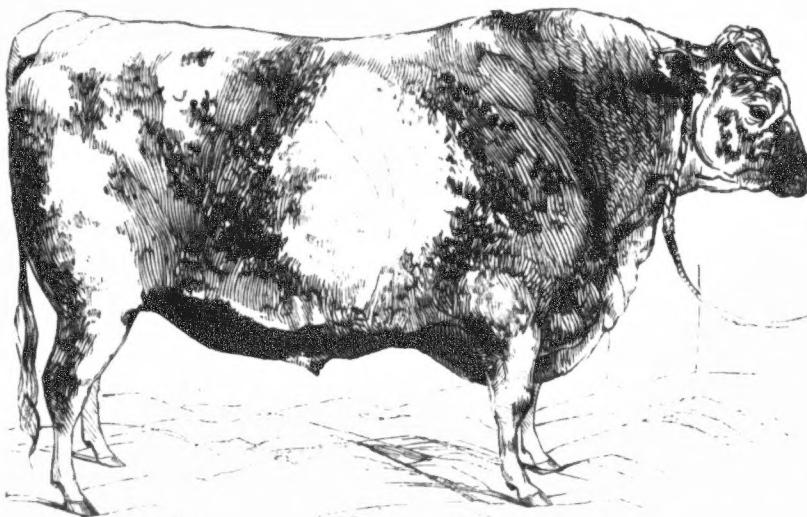
An indigent girl, aged fifteen years, who gave the name of Catherine Hanlon, was brought before Mr. Paget, at the Thames Police-court, charged with refusing to perform the work assigned her in the workhouse of St. George-in-the-East.

William Thomas, superintendent of labour, said he gave the prisoner 3lb. of oakum to pick that morning. It was to be her day's work. She said she would not pick the oakum, and threatened to fling it at his head. She did not carry out her threat, and he remonstrated with her. She said she would not pick the oakum for him or any one else.

Mr. Paget asked the prisoner if she wished to interrogate the witness, or had any explanation to give, and she shook her head negatively to each query of the magistrate, who then explained to her that she was at liberty to make any statement she thought proper.

The girl declined to utter a word, and Mr. Paget asked her kindly why she was so quiet and refused to speak to him. Another shake of the head was her only answer.

Mr. Samuel John Marsh, the master of St. George's workhouse, said the prisoner's case was a very peculiar one, and he would endeavour to explain it. The girl was admitted into the casual ward on the 14th of November last, and in consequence of her youth, her determination not to divulge the names of her parents, relatives and friends, or where she had been living, she had been detained, the guardians of the poor believing it would be impolitic and detrimental to the best interests of the girl to turn her out of the house on to the streets until her home or legal settlement could be ascertained. She had adopted the names of Hanson, Hanley, Wharton, Hanlon, Whurton, and Richardson.



SHORT-HORN EXHIBITED BY MR. G. TAYLOR, BRIDLINGTON QUAY, YORK.
Prize of £30 to Exhibitor; silver medal to Breeder.

The prisoner here broke silence and said: I want to know by what right I am detained.

Mr. Paget said if the girl did not wish to remain in the workhouse he was not aware the guardians had any right to detain her against her will.

Mr. Marsh said that any young person could be detained by the guardians until sixteen years of age, if the parents, or friends, or legal settlement of the casual pauper could not be ascertained.

trate's questions?"

The prisoner again shook her head.

Mr. Paget: What do you mean to do?

The prisoner maintained silence for some time, and on the inspector again speaking to her, she said, "I refuse to answer the questions which the magistrate has put to me."

The Rev. G. H. M'Gill, incumbent of Christ Church, Watney-street, and chaplain of St. George's poor-house, said his attention

Mr. Paget: Indeed. I was not aware of that law. Can you refer me to the law you speak of?

Mr. Marsh: Yes, sir. I ought to state, sir, that our object in bringing the girl here is not so much for punishment as to discover who she is, where she came from, and whether she has any parents or friends who will take charge of her. We might have turned her out of the workhouse the morning after she was admitted as a casual pauper, but I thought it was desirable she should be saved.

Mr. Paget said nothing could be more humane and proper than the master's conduct, and then put some questions to the girl, who again relapsed into silence.

After a long pause the magistrate said: Do you wish to leave the workhouse? to which she promptly replied, "Yes, I do wish to leave it."

Mr. Paget: Why?

The prisoner: I do not wish to stop in the house.

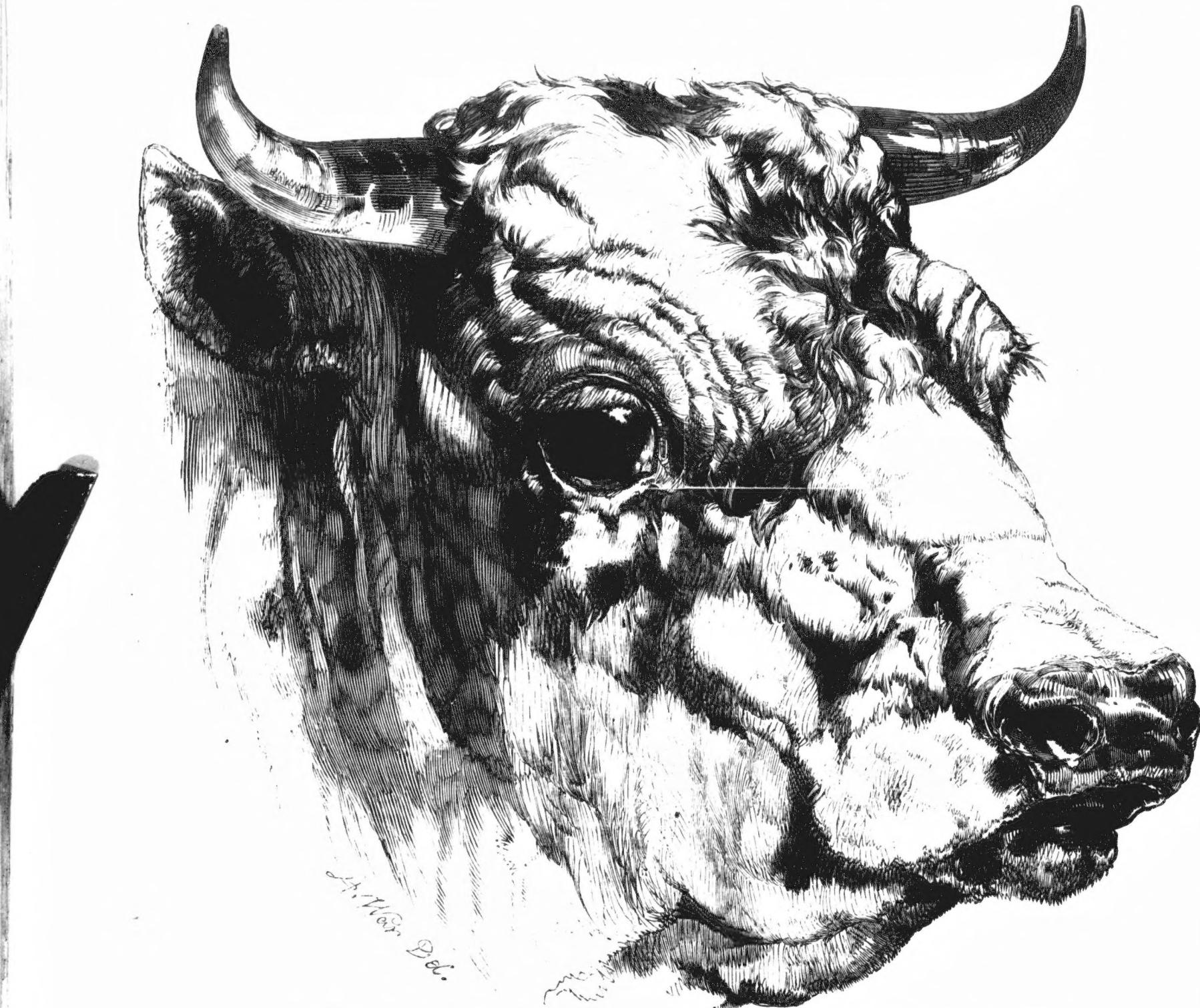
Have you any parents, and where do they live?—I do not know.

If they are living you must know where they are.—No answer.

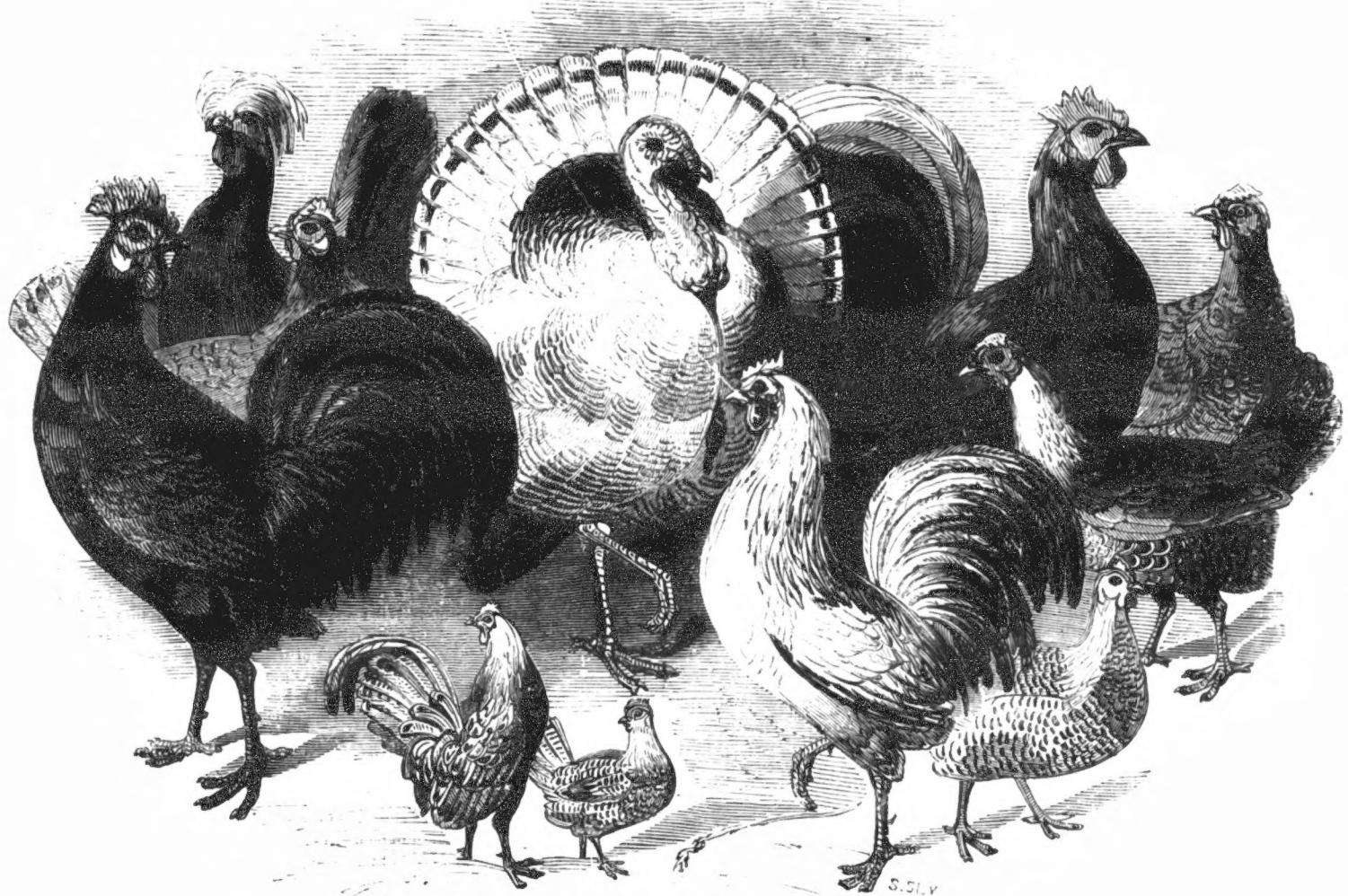
What friends have you got to go to if I were to release you?—No answer.

Why do you not tell me, girl?

The prisoner declined to answer, and Inspector Griffin, of the K division, who was standing close to the prisoner, said to her loudly, "Why do you not answer the magis-



CROSS-BRED SHORT-HORN EXHIBITED BY J. MARTIN, ABERDEEN. WINNER OF £10 PRIZE. (See page 418.)

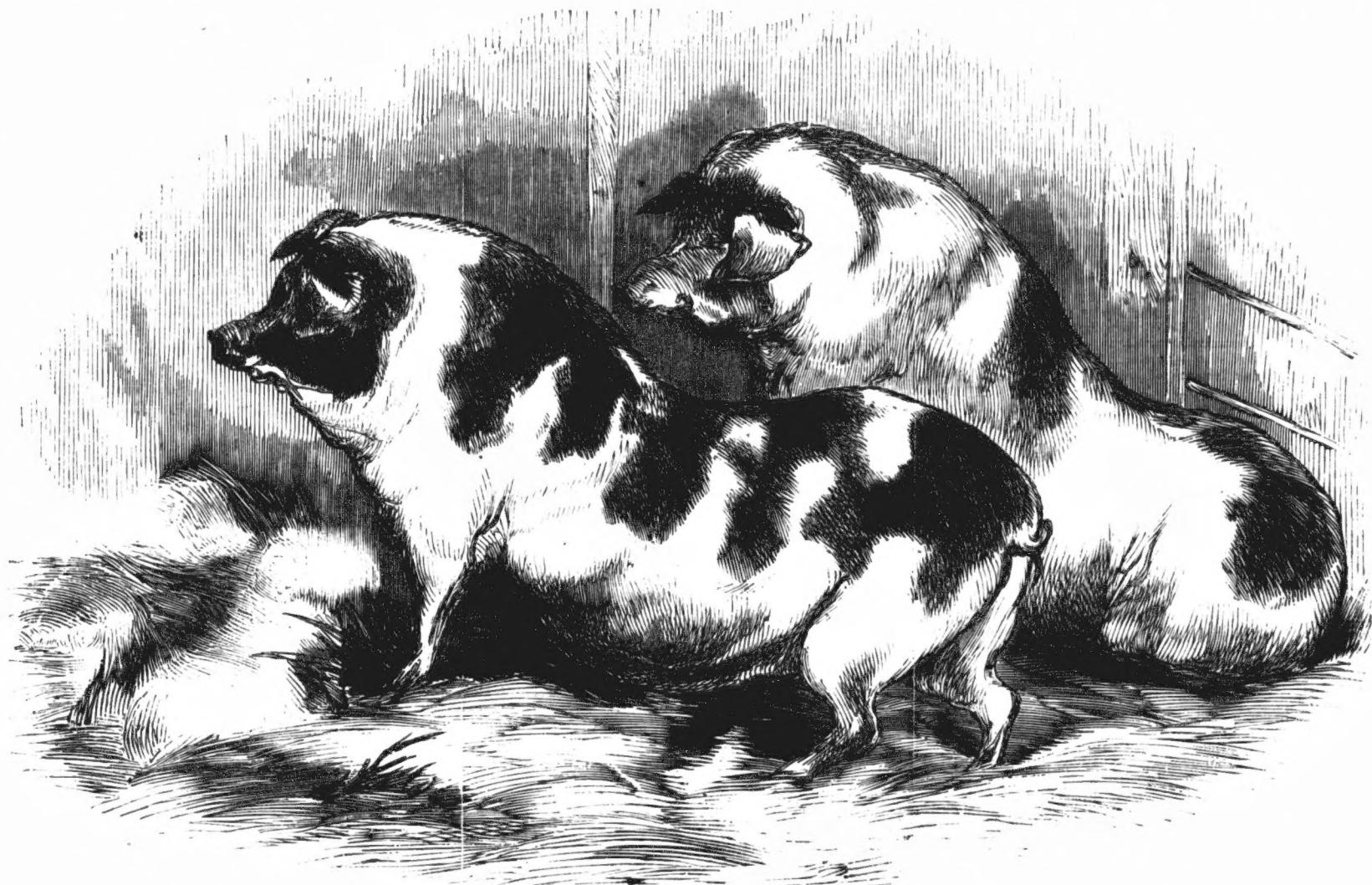


POULTRY GROUP EXHIBITED AT THE BIRMINGHAM POULTRY SHOW. (See page 422.)

was called to the girl on the 15th of November last. The impression then was that she had run away from a boarding-school, and was playing the part of an amateur casual pauper. He endeavoured to obtain some information about her, but could not. She had evidently received a good secular education, and could read and

write well, but she assumed a complete ignorance on religious subjects. He asked her if she ever said her prayers? The answer was "No." Did she know any prayers? "No." Did she know what would become of her when she died? "Yes," she replied, very naively, "I shall be carried to the grave." He was induced

to believe that she was not quite sane. He never knew any girl maintain such an obstinate silence as the prisoner had done in the whole course of his experience as chaplain of the workhouse and incumbent of a large parish. The excellence of her secular education did not at all correspond with her religious ignorance.



EXTRA STOCK PIGS FOR PREMIUM, EXHIBITED AT THE BIRMINGHAM SHOW.

Mr. Talbot, surgeon, of Burdett-road, Limehouse, believed that the girl was an orphan, and that he attended her late parents.

Mr. Marsh said that the conduct of the prisoner had not been good in the workhouse. She had been engaged in several quarrels with other inmates.

The prisoner: Only two fights. I can take my own part.

The superintendent of labour: The girl ran away from home in male attire.

The Rev. M. McGill: For the eight or nine years I have been chaplain, there had been no fighting in the workhouse till this girl came there.

Mr. Paget: I am glad that you have preserved the peace so well in a large workhouse.

The chaplain and master evinced the greatest anxiety about the prisoner, and said their object was not to send the girl to prison, but that the case should be made public, and her relatives and friends discovered.

Mr. Paget said that a large amount of kindness had been exhibited towards the girl, and the chaplain, the master, the superintendent of labour, and the police authorities had all been instituting inquiries and endeavouring to find out who she was, where she came from, and her parents and friends. It would do her no harm to remand her to the House of Detention at Clerkenwell.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Keep carnations, auriculas, &c., well protected in severe weather, but at other times let them have plenty of air, in order that they may grow strong. Shelter from cold winds is of great importance even than protection from frost. Pansies and other plants should have a little clear lime water poured round the roots, as a protection from worms. Look to pits, frames, lawns, walks, &c., as advised last week.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Every opportunity should be taken to get manure heaps wheeled to their proper quarters. Roots and prunings, and other rubbish not likely to rot quick, should be cleared, and this will make an excellent top-dressing. Look to cauliflower in frames; stir the surface of the soil among the plants, and strew dusty soil over all to prevent the green growth on the surface, which stagnant air is likely to produce. In mild weather the glasses may be left off occasionally day and night, keeping at all times a good look-out for slugs. Parsley, if not covered with half-hoops and matting, should be taken up and planted in pots or shallow boxes, and placed under protection. In gathering spinach, each leaf should be plucked separately, as the grasping a handful, or even three or four leaves, is liable to check the further growth of young and tender shoots. Continue to hoe up cabbage, celery, &c., when the weather is favourable. Trim hedges, bringing them to a sloping point to the top, and cut away all unhealthy shoots.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Discontinue transplanting now till mild spring weather; but get the ground ready by deep trenching, in order to get the full benefit of the atmosphere during winter. Let the whole of the fruit trees, large or small, have plenty of room to develop themselves.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.—Shortly before the 7.30 p.m. train left the Maidstone Station, on the North Kent line, on Sunday evening, a ticket collector named Baldwin found a man in a third-class carriage without a ticket and ordered him to leave the train. He then got out of the carriage and nothing more was seen of him until the train was leaving the station, when Baldwin saw the stranger riding on the buffer of one of the carriages in the middle of the train. Seeing the great peril the man was in, and knowing that there was no means of stopping the train, Baldwin courageously jumped on to the buffer, at the same time exclaiming, "For God's sake stand still until you get to Aylesford, or you will be killed." The man made no reply, but retained his hold for about 150 yards, when he horrified Baldwin by jumping off and dashing himself against the stone wall of a dark cutting through which the train was passing. Baldwin also jumped off the train, and in walking back through the cutting ran against the man in the dark. He immediately secured him and conveyed him back to Mr. Roggett, the station-master. His head and face were covered with blood, which was flowing profusely from a severe wound on the head. The man being insensible, Mr. Roggett ordered him to be removed to Dr. Oliver's surgery, where it was found that he had sustained three severe scalp wounds. His injuries were at once attended to, and he was then removed to the Falloway Hotel, where he remained in a state of insensibility for several hours. From subsequent inquiries it was ascertained that his name was James Mulligan, living at 82, Milton-road, Gravesend. From the fact of only a few coppers being found upon him it is supposed he was endeavouring to avoid paying the fare by getting in the train on the opposite side, where the carriage doors were not locked, and that while doing so the train started.

JUVENILE DRUNKARDS.—At the Doncaster Police-court on Monday, a shocking instance of juvenile depravity was brought before the sitting magistrates (the mayor and Sir J. Morley). Seven youths, whose ages varied from 18 to 12 years, were charged with committing a series of extensive frauds from the goods yard of the Great Northern Railway at Doncaster, and their chief occupation appears to have been to search for wine, spirits, and boxes of cigars. For the past six months large quantities of wines, spirits, cigars, biscuits, silks, tobacco, and other goods, have been stolen, and it was not until Sunday night last that the least clue could be obtained as to the perpetrators. On Sunday night, however, a signalman in the service of the company caught a youth named Hawcroft in the yard, and his untruthful account led to his speedy consignment to the police cell. He informed the police of the name of a boy who was with him in the station yard, and this boy in his turn divulged the names of others until something like a dozen were apprehended or suspected. It then transpired that the gang had been long in the habit of stealing any kind of liquor, and only a week ago they carried off a case of wine that was being sent to Lord Houghton from London, which they concealed, and, with other boys, drank the wine at leisure. In the course of their depredations they came upon some claret, the taste of which they were unacquainted with, and they decided that it was bad porter, and left it. How the lads have been so clever as to evade the servants of the company for so many months is a mystery; but during the whole of that time they have managed to drink an immense quantity of wine, to smoke at least a dozen boxes of cigars, and to purchase both spirits and cigars from the sale of goods they have purloined. The charge against them was adjourned to Monday next.

EXCELSIOR PRIZE MEDAL FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERY MACHINES for every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Whight and Main, 143, Holborn Bars, London. Manufactury, Ipswich.—
(Advertisement.)

MRS. CROW'S NEW STORY.

ROSE LEIGH.

No. 122 of
BOW BELL S.
ONE PENNY.

MRS. CROW'S ORIGINAL TALE OF

ROSE LEIGH,

will appear in No. 122 of
BOW BELL S.
ONE PENNY.

MRS. CROW'S BEAUTIFUL DOMESTIC STORY OF

ROSE LEIGH;

OR,
THE MYSTERY OF AVENHAM.
See No. 122 of
BOW BELL S.
ONE PENNY.

MRS. CROW'S TRUTHFUL AND INTERESTING TALE OF

ROSE LEIGH;

OR,
THE MYSTERY OF AVENHAM.
See No. 122 of
BOW BELL S.
ONE PENNY.

MRS. CROW'S BEST NOVEL

ROSE LEIGH;

OR,
THE MYSTERY OF AVENHAM.
See No. 122 of
BOW BELL S.
ILLUSTRATED BY F. GILBERT.—ONE PENNY.

NOW PUBLISHING,

DICKS'

SHILLING SHAKSPEARE,

CONTAINING:

The whole of the great dramatist's works, with LIFE AND PORTRAIT.

and 36 Illustrations, being the cheapest book ever published,

ONE SHILLING.—ALL BOOKSELLERS.

* Lord Byron's Poems will shortly be published at the same price, 1s., to be followed by other works of equal worth.
LONDON: JOHN DICKS, 317, STRAND.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to MR. JOHN DICKS, 317, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. Dicks, so as to receive the journal direct from the Office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent miscarriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a coloured wrapper. Receipt stamp cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and BOW BELL S. will post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two through the post, may remit a subscription of 5s. 2d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office, 317, Strand.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

R. P. P.—The Canadas were united in 1841. To your other question, No. ALFRED D.—The British Museum was first opened in January, 1759.

A. MECHANIC.—The bread riots at Liverpool took place in February, 1855. F. C.—The Emperor Nicholas of Russia died on the 2nd of March 1855.

FRANK H.—The pantomime of "George Barnwell" was produced at Covent-garden Theatre in the Christmas of 1855.

REFORMER.—The Financial Reform Association was established in 1848.

T. T.—The metre of the line will guide you to the correct pronunciation of the name. There is no absolute rule: "Jacques" is sometimes given as a monosyllable sometimes as a dissyllable.

A. LILKEL.—Quakers are exempt from taking the customary parliamentary oaths before taking their seats. A special resolution of the house to this effect was made on the occasion of Mr. Pease being returned a member.

HARD-PRESSED.—A tenant has the whole of quarter-day on which the rent becomes due to pay the same.

DUNCAN.—No. Mr. Phelps commenced his lessorship at Sadler's Wells in 1844 in connexion with Mr. Greenwood.

B. T.—The trial of Rush for the murder of Mr. Jermy occupied six days, commencing on the 27th March, 1849, and terminating on the following Wednesday.

A. SCUFERER.—The debts due to an insolvent vest in his assignee, who alone has power to collect them.

HELKE.—The articles having been destroyed by fire you cannot recover their value from the pawnbroker.

A. COUNTRY BEER-SHOP KEEPER.—The inspector evidently exceeded his duty. He should only have seized the "mugs" in the event of their having been absolutely used as "measures."

B. E.—The loan of 1,000,000 to Sarдинia was made in 1855.

A. WIDOW.—It is not compulsory for you to keep the children of your late husband by his former wife; but such children are entitled to share in any property he may have left.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

H. W. L. B.

D.	A. M.	P. M.
15 S	7 2	7 31
16 S	8 4	8 38
17 M	9 13	9 48
18 T	10 22	10 58
19 W	11 31	—
20 T	0 0	0 29
21 F	0 54	1 29

Moon's changes.—First quarter, 15th, 4h. 43m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

AFTERNOON.

Isa. 25; Acts 16.

Isa 26; 1 Pet. 4.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast, Fast Days, &c.—19th, Commencement of Ember Week; 21st, St. Thomas the Apostle and Martyr.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1866.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

It is rumoured abroad that Mr. Disraeli is resolved upon bringing in a slashing Reform Bill. The notion of a Reform Bill coming from the Conservatives reminds one of the old story about the priest and his blessing. The priest was importuned for charity and declined to give sixpence, a penny, a halfpenny—even a farthing. Then the supplicant asked if the reverend father would give him his blessing, and the priest readily offered to bestow it. Whereupon the petitioner turned upon his ghostly father and contemptuously rejected the blessing, declaring that it was quite evident if the priest thought it worth a farthing he would never have consented to give it. A Conservative Reform Bill, if it comes at all, will be very like the priest's blessing. We do not

know what reliance to place upon the stories of divisions in the Cabinet on the reform question, but it is not at all unlikely that there are two parties there, one of which would endeavour to pacify the country by the introduction of something in the shape of a Reform Bill, while the other is inclined to brave all rather than abandon the good old Tory principle of *non possumus*. It is, however, very significant that a recognition of the necessity of doing something is now being more and more frankly manifested in quarters whence a short time since there came nothing but scorn of any reform proposal. Our own impression is that if Mr. Disraeli is able to bring in a Bill, and if it goes in for any considerable reduction of the franchise, it will have likewise some "checks," as they are called, of a new and ingenious kind, and bearing directly on the borough vote. But it is certainly significant that such tricks are already talked of by those who pompously claim for any measure that may come from the present Ministry "the fair and dispassionate consideration of parliament and the country." It is enough, if we needed any hint, to put us all upon our guard. Let us watch with a keen scrutiny, if the measure really comes out, the manipulation of the boroughs and the limitation of the county votes. Above all, let us watch "the checks." The checks, in parliamentary slang, mean the jugglery by which, while a minister gives the people something with one hand, he dexterously contrives to pick their pockets with the other.

WHEN Lord Cockburn was at the bar he once defended a prisoner who, in spite of his exertions, was sentenced to be hanged on the 17th of the month. After the sentence the condemned man complained to his counsel that he had not had justice. "Never mind," said Cockburn, "you'll have it on the 17th." Now, there are two persons at this moment out on bail who are to have justice on the 17th; and we sincerely trust that they will not have any reason to complain after that date that justice has not been done to them. The persons of whom we speak are policemen, and they have been convicted of as grave an offence as can well be laid to the charge of persons in their position. Armed with bludgeons for the defence of quiet citizens, they have without provocation pounded a man so severely as to take him for more than a fortnight off his work, and to leave traces not only of violent external injury, but of serious internal derangement. They have aggravated this gross brutality by making against their victim a charge of assault which a jury has declined to entertain. They now await the sentence of the law, and it is to be pronounced on the 17th instant. We ought not, perhaps, to wonder that the judge hesitates to assign to such dangerous malefactors the punishment which is their due; but neither can we doubt that before the 17th doubts will have passed away, and the ruffians in State uniform will receive their deserts. In the meantime we shall say nothing to influence the mind of the judge, although we feel bound to hint that his liberation of the policemen on bail was a stretch of indulgence to which it was not wise to consent, considering that the justice of the case can only be eventually met by an exemplary punishment. A brief recital of facts as believed by the jury cannot be deemed unfair at this moment; and nothing can deepen the impressions of the judge who has just listened to the full particulars, and the narrative demands to be considered as an exhibition of a growing evil. The man Crampton had gone to bed, when one of the policemen presented himself at his door at half-past eleven on a Saturday night, and on Crampton appearing, told him that his two sons were locked up for loitering at a railway station. On the whole, we can conceive of a better course than to confine boys from Saturday night till Monday morning on such a charge except in extremely suspicious cases. But if the thing is done, it is a kindness to let parents know of their children's whereabouts. The first instinct of a father would of course be to think of getting his boys out of durance, and Crampton expressed his intention of doing so. The policeman Davis appears very offensively to have said that neither Crampton nor a better man could get the lads liberated till Monday, and thereupon Crampton gave Davis what the one says was only a push, and the other alleges to have been a stunning blow between the eyes. The jury accept the former statement. The street-door was now shut, and Crampton began to wash himself, probably with the view of going out to see what could be done. While so engaged, the street-door was literally burst in by Davis and Jarvis, another policeman, and when Crampton came into the passage they attacked him with their truncheons, inflicting upon him injuries which must have been fatal to any but a very strong, healthy man. That Crampton managed to leave his mark upon one of them is evidence that he was a difficult man to overcome; for, as he aptly enough said in cross-examination, "a man has no chance to prevent two policemen striking him, as it takes all his time to save his head." The surgeon who examined Crampton swore to the frightful character of the damage done to his head and elbow, and to the fact that the inflammation which set in endangered life. Having been repeatedly knocked down like a bullock in the street before his own door, he was dragged with great violence to the station-house where he was not allowed to see his wife for an hour, and where his battered and ensanguined condition does not seem to have created any sensation. But for the horror of the Worship-street magistrate at the glimpse he got of the truth, and his consequent committal of the policemen for trial, it is probable this new and lamentable instance of official barbarity would not have come before the public.

THE BIRMINGHAM POULTRY SHOW.

The annual show of poultry this year at Birmingham was the largest display yet exhibited. There are nearly 2,000 heads shown, and nearly 500 pigeons. On page 421 we give an illustration of a group of the best birds.

WHOLESALE POISONING IN FRANCE.

THE history which the French papers present of Martin Reau, a rich peasant of Aunis, now about to be tried for murder, forms a terrible list of crimes, by each of which it appears he has contrived to obtain considerable accessions to his property. Four near relatives have perished within a few years of diseases unintelligible to the medical attendants, and attended with horrible suffering, and it seems that he has inherited the property of every one of these persons. The first was his brother-in-law, Peter Reau; shortly afterwards his wife, Mary Jane Reau. Julia Bontemps, his second wife, was the third victim; and her son, Abel Reau, a little child, expired in January last, leaving to his father his portion of his mother's estate.

The first crime being of the date of 1853, the accused enjoys with respect to it the benefit of the prescription, but its story is briefly as follows:—Peter Reau was a bachelor of thirty-two years of age. About the end of January 1853, he was seized with sudden illness, having frightful inflammation from the mouth to the stomach. His thirst was insatiable. His palate and throat were swollen, and other alarming symptoms showed themselves. Martin Reau sent a woman named Jacquette to take care of him, and in two days Peter Reau breathed his last. Peter Reau had breakfast with his brother-in-law after a hunting party, and immediately afterwards was seized with this illness. It was known that Martin Reau had obtained from his brother-in-law a conveyance of his landed property, worth about one thousand francs per annum. But Peter Reau shortly afterwards had accused his brother-in-law of having robbed him, by obtaining his signature to this deed when intoxicated. It was revoked, but some months afterwards Martin Reau had contrived to obtain some sort of possession of the property, and a fierce quarrel between the two men sprung up. Three years after the decease of Peter Reau, Mary Jane Reau, the first wife of the accused, died after a short illness. Curious to relate, her malady closely resembled that which had carried off her brother Peter. She experienced violent inflammation in the throat and the breast, and she died at the end of two days in fearful agony. This unhappy Jane had been tyrannized over by her husband, who inspired her with terror. She said she took medicines to prevent conception. She had a presentiment that her life would be short, and she told her husband, whose attentions to a certain Julia Bontemps she had observed, "When I am dead thou will marry her." By the death of his wife Martin Reau inherited half her means, for on the morning after her marriage he had taken her to a notary, where she made a will in his favour. Martin Reau shortly afterwards, a true Blue Beard, married Julia Bontemps. This young woman is described on all hands as having been charming; her sprightliness was increased by the high spirits accompanying perfect health; but she soon became sad and suffering. Julia, like the unfortunate woman whom she had succeeded, took, by her husband's commands, mysterious draughts. One day a servant saw her take from her bosom a phial filled with white liquid; he asked if she were ill, and she replied, "It is for peace sake—we are often compelled to do what we do not like," and at the same time burst into tears. She poured out the phial on the earth, adding, "Since my husband is not here I will not take it to-day." Some days afterwards Martin Reau said to the same servant, "My wife will never have children; I have besides the means of prevention under my bolster." Despite these pretended preventatives Julia Bontemps became *enceinte* towards the commencement of the year 1864, and her husband did not conceal his irritation at the circumstance. At this time the young wife was exposed to several severe injuries, which plainly were not the result of accident, and which could have had but one object. One day, among others, her husband suddenly flung her violently on the ground. Later, she had two falls down the cellar steps; wooden rollers had been placed, as if by design, across these steep and slippery steps. In one of these falls Julia dislocated her arm. Notwithstanding all these machinations, a son was born on the 12th September, 1864. The child was instantly taken from her and given to nurse to a woman who had not sufficient nutriment to impart to it. But before telling the history of the child it is as well to relate how Martin Reau got rid of the mother. Julia Bontemps became in her turn ill, and soon was overpowered with alarming weakness. Then followed retchings and spasms; her dry lips rattled like castanets. Her agonies were frightful. For the last two days of her life she did nothing but writhe and moan. After her death Martin Reau, who till then had exhibited a revolting carelessness as to his wife's sufferings, had the interment performed at an unusual hour, made a display of vociferous grief, and immediately afterwards went to the fair of Theneray, where his presence, after the funeral, produced general surprise. The death further increased the fortune of Martin Reau, for he was also the legatee of Julia Bontemps. He had even succeeded in bringing about a marriage between his first wife's mother and his second wife's father, and the latter had denuded himself of property in favour of his daughter, so that the property of the two families were by the last death added to the fortune of Martin Reau. But the end is not yet. Julia Bontemps left a child, Abel Reau, who became in his turn the victim of his own father's cupidity. Martin Reau, who had never troubled himself about the child, went to see him at nurse last January. The child was seized with violent convulsions and vomiting. It was noticed that his limbs writhed and his teeth gnashed together violently. This last crime was the drop which overflowed the cup—public indignation was aroused. The bodies of Peter Reau and Mary Jane Reau were exhumed and the results were overwhelming. Chemical analysis also proved that Abel Reau had been a victim to poison. In the stomach, liver, and blood were found a poisonous mercurial salt—bichloride of mercury or corrosive sublimate. In the organs of Julia Bontemps also were found traces of this poison. The grave of Mary Jane Reau was opened, and corrosive sublimate was found in the earth about the head and in the mould collected from each side of the vertebral column. The identity of the poison in each body leads to the belief that it was administered by the same hand. The same description of poison has been found in the possession of Martin Reau. Being a dealer in mules, he had often purchased for his diseased animals mercurial medicaments. On the other hand, it is said that he had studied the action of poisons on the human frame—a strange study for one in his position in life. He had bought a scientific work, which he had principally studied under the head of mercurial poisons. Dreadful sayings of this man are reported, as that he said—"The more wives a man marries the richer he gets." A remarkably interesting trial will now take place, and accompanied most probably by other startling revelations. It is said that the accused has seriously increased his own danger by trying to throw the responsibility of the poisoning of his second wife and his son upon her parents, and concocting against them a tissue of false evidence. He promised a witness £1,000 if he would depose in

accordance with a paper which he sent by a prisoner; but the man in disgust sent the paper to the police.

M. Lachaud will defend the accused, and more than sixty witnesses will be examined in this tragedy, one of the deepest that has ever been unravelled in an assize court.

EXECUTION IN FRANCE.

A MURDERER, named Balague, was executed at Foix, in the department of the Arriège, on December 6, and made a most unedifying end. He was sentenced to death for the murder of his sister, and an attempt to murder a gendarme and a garde champêtre, who arrested him. When the prison chaplain came to announce that his last hour had come, he threatened to strike him if he did not take himself out of the way immediately, and so frightened the priest that he declined to make any further attempt to offer him ghostly consolation. Balague went shriftless to the scaffold. Before leaving the prison for the place of execution, he called for his breakfast, and ate a veal cutlet with great apparent appetite. He asked for white wine, but this being denied him, he contented himself with half a bottle of red. As he walked to the scaffold between two lines of soldiers he vociferated "Vive '93! Vive Robespierre! Vive St. Just!" and occasionally gave mocking words of command to the troops, such as "Right wheel" and "By the right forward, march." His hands were tied behind him, and he was entirely naked with the exception of his trousers. He abused the imperial family, said there was no God, that property was robbery, and that Proudhon was right. Notwithstanding this bravado, he did not, according to the report, "die game," but was visibly terror-stricken when the executioners seized him and placed his head under the guillotine.

THE ARREST OF ADMIRAL PERSANO.—The following details of the arrest of Admiral Persano are given in the *Movimento* of Genoa:—"The President of the Commission of Inquiry, M. Marzucchi, having signified to him, after a brief interrogatory, that the High Court of Justice had ordered his arrest, the admiral, without being disturbed, replied that no one more than himself deserved before the severe majesty of the law. He had scarcely uttered these words when two carbineers, fully armed, appeared in the hall. Persano grew pale, and was evidently affected, but he soon recovered his presence of mind, and spoke in strong language against his enemies. He was, he said, the victim of a public hatred without foundation and without justice. 'It is an unworthy war that is being made against me—a disloyal war, from which I shall come out victorious.' M. Marzucchi, seeing the admiral was getting more and more excited, endeavoured to calm him, and then Persano became silent, heaved a few deep sighs, and, by a gesture, intimated that he was ready to go with the carbineers. He was then escorted between them to a small room attached to the Senate House. Before he left the hall, the president begged him not to hesitate to ask for whatever he might require, as he would be at once supplied. Persano bowed, and went out as described. His little apartment has no appearance of a prison about it, and is well ventilated and commodious."

HERCIC DANGERS.—The death was announced on Saturday of Dr. Jeaffreson, Fellow and Censor of the College of Physicians and senior physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, at little more than the middle age. Typhus fever, which was the cause of death, was also fatal a few weeks since to Dr. T. Southey Warter, a very accomplished young physician at the same hospital. The fever is a contagious one, and likely to be contracted in the course of attendance upon patients. Dr. Jeaffreson was a man of great reputation for clinical skill. Vigorous in frame, and of a vivacious and agreeable character, he had recently built a fine country house, and was contemplating the pleasures of partial country retirement, when he was seized with typhus. St. Bartholomew's Hospital has prematurely lost several of its most eminent physicians of late years. Dr. Baley was a few years since killed in a railway accident just after being appointed physician to the Queen; Dr. Kirkes died in the year of attaining his position as physician; and now Dr. Jeaffreson has been carried away from the staff of this important hospital.—*Pall-mall Gazette*.

A MONDAY CHRISTMAS.—The *Worcester Herald* gives the following, from the Harleian MSS., No. 2,552, folio 153:—

"If Christmas Day on Monday be,
A great winter that year you'll see,
And full of winds both loud and shrill;
But in summer, truth to tell,
High winds shall there be, and strong,
Full of tempests lasting long;
While battles they shall multiply,
And great plenty of beasts shall die.
They that be born that day, I ween,
They shall be strong each one and keen;
He shall be found that stealeth aught;
Tho' thou be sick, thou diest not."

Here, it is said, are three prophecies—the wind which lasted from January to well on in May, the war which ended at Sadowa, and the rinderpest—all fulfilled this year after a Monday Christmas. The cattle plague, it is true, was a legacy from last year; but still the ancient prophet has proved himself a better man than Old Moore and Zadkiel, and a score of modern pretenders. Better, too, than the moon—which has been singularly at fault this year, wind and rain coming on just as if we never had a change of moon at all.—*Pall-mall Gazette*.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ELOPEMENT.—The Edinburgh correspondent of the *Fifeshire Advertiser* reports an elopement of the eldest son in one of the first families in Fifeshire with his father's cook. The young gentleman had been reared with the greatest care, and had only returned from Eton last year with high academic honours. He was destined by his father as the husband of a young and beautiful heiress, to whom he had even paid his addresses. The bride, who is a buxom branette, is by some years older than the bridegroom, and has been in the family for a considerable period. It was discovered that they had departed for Montrose, whither the father of the hero followed, but only to find them slumbering in each other's arms. So enraged was the old gentleman that, forgetting all delicacy, he was about to eject her from the bedroom, when she collared her quondam master, and hurled him headlong from the apartment. The runaway son endeavoured to explain and pacify his insulted parent, when the lady seized her husband, and, conveying him almost *in armis* back to the bedroom, locked the door. The young gentleman is entitled to considerable property in his own right. The pair are holding the honeymoon now at Cheltenham, where the parents of the bride keep a small public and grocery.

VACANT LIVING.—The rectory of St. Giles-in-the-fields will be vacated in February next by Mr. Thorold, who has held it since 1857. It is in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, and the net value £120. There is no rectory-house. The population attached to the parish church is 25,000.

THE IZAK CHURCH, ST. PETERSBURGH.

THE noble edifice represented on page 424 cannot fail to excite admiration in all who appreciate grand proportions, a lofty style of architecture, and magnificent porticos. Its situation also enhances its grandeur, for it is surrounded by some of the finest buildings and monuments in St. Petersburg, which give the stranger an idea of what Russian quarries and Russian workmen can produce.

On the spot where the church stands the Russians have been at work upon a place of worship for the last century. The original one was in wood, but was soon destroyed; and the Great Catherine commenced another, which she intended to face with marble, but which, like too many of her projects, was never finished. The Emperor Paul continued the building, but in brick. This half-and-half structure vanished, however, when Nicholas I became Emperor. He built the splendid edifice here depicted. To make a firm foundation, a whole forest of pines were sunk in the swampy soil, at a cost of £200,000. The church is, as usual, in the form of a Greek cross, of four equal sides, and each of the four grand entrances is approached from the level of the place by three broad flights of steps, each flight being composed of one entire piece of granite, formed out of masses of rock brought from Finland. These steps lead from the four sides of the building to the four chief entrances, each of which has a superb peristyle. The pillars of these peristyles are sixty feet high, and have a diameter of seven feet. They are crowned with Corinthian capitals of bronze, and support the enormous beam of a frieze formed of six fine-polished blocks. Over the peristyles rises the chief and central cupola, higher than it is wide, in the Byzantine proportion. It is supported by thirty pillars of smooth polished granite. The cupola is covered with copper, overlaid with gold, and glitters like the sun over a mountain. From its centre rises a small elegant rotunda, a miniature repetition of the whole, looking like a chapel on the mountain top. The whole edifice is surrounded by the crowning and far-seen golden cross. Four smaller cupolas, resembling the greater in every particular, stand around, like children round a mother, and complete the harmony visible in every part. The walls of the church are covered with marble, and without doubt this building is the most remarkable of all sacred edifices in St. Petersburg. The pedestal for the innermost shrine is a small circular temple, the dome being supported by eight Corinthian pillars of malachite; the exterior of the dome is covered with a profusion of gilding on a ground of malachite, and the interior is of lapis lazuli. The floor is of polished marbles of various colours. There is, perhaps, too much gilding about this work; but it accords with its position in a Greek church. It was presented to the Emperor by M. Demidoff, who procured the malachite from his mines in Siberia, and sent it to Italy to be worked; its value is said to be as much as 1,000,000 of roubles.

This church was made the especial object of a visit on the part of the Prince of Wales on his recent stay at St. Petersburg.

ENTRY OF THE KING OF ITALY INTO FLORENCE.

ON page 425 will be found a large illustration of the rejoicings of the people on the occasion of King Victor Emmanuel's recent entry into Florence. It is a night scene in the principal street of Florence, which is now made the principal residence of the King of Italy.

Florence bears the aspect of a city filled with nobles and their domestics—a city of bridges, churches, and palaces. Every angle of a street presents an architectural view, fit to be drawn for a scene in a theatre. Many of the houses are palaces; and a palace in Florence is a magnificent pile, venerable from its antiquity, of a square and bulky form, with a plain front, extending from two to three hundred feet, built of huge dark grey stones, in a massive, gloomy, and impressive style. The roof is flat, with a deep cornice, and bold-projecting softs, which give it grand, square, and magnificent appearance to the edifice. The chimneys are grouped into stacks, the tops of which, increasing in bulk as they rise in height, resemble a crown. Many of these palaces are fitted up with great magnificence, and some of them contain valuable galleries of pictures, that are mostly open to the public. The streets, though in parts narrow, winding, and angular, are mostly wide and straight; and they are admirably paved, after the manner of the old Roman roads, with angular blocks of trap, or sandstone. The houses generally are substantial, more so, apparently, than those of Rome.

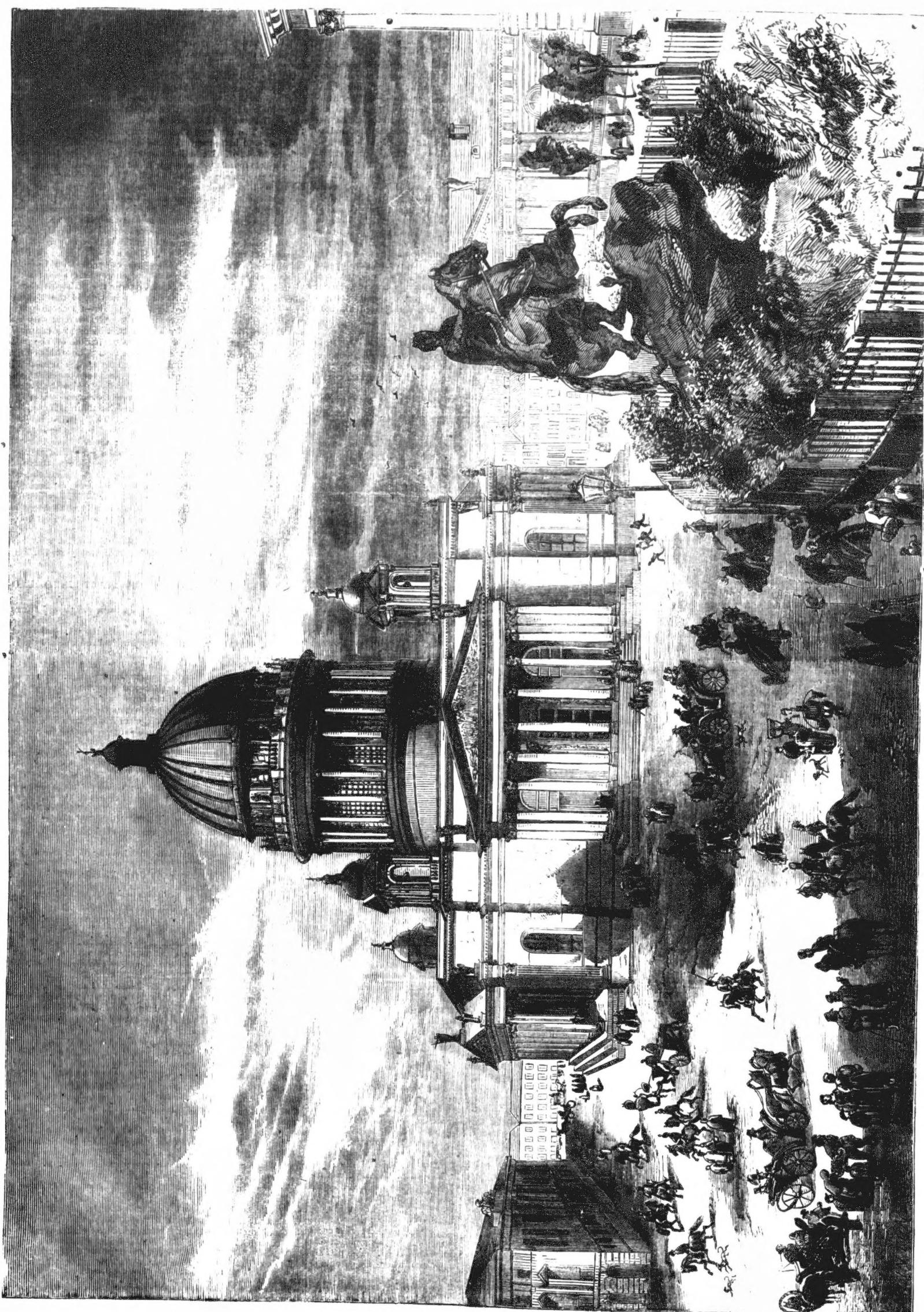
Among the palaces are the Palazzo Vecchio, or old palace, inhabited by the Medici, when citizens of Florence. It was begun in 1298, and finished in 1550. It is in a massive, severe, and gloomy style, and has a noble tower 268 feet in height, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country. This palace is now occupied with the principal public offices. The Palazzo Pitti, erected in 1440, is a vast and heavy structure. It is furnished in the most costly manner, and is enriched with a great number of fine statues, busts, and pictures, and an excellent library.

Attached to the Pitti Palace are the Boboli Gardens, laid out by Cosmo I, in 1550, in the pure classical style; that is, says M. Simond, "in rectangular walks, flanked with cut trees, fashioned into walls or arched overhead, and furnished with a due quantity of stone steps, stone walls, and stone statues." Connected with these gardens is the botanical gardens, a museum of natural history, a splendid anatomical collection, modelled in wax by the Abbe Fontana, occupying fifteen apartments, and a fine library.

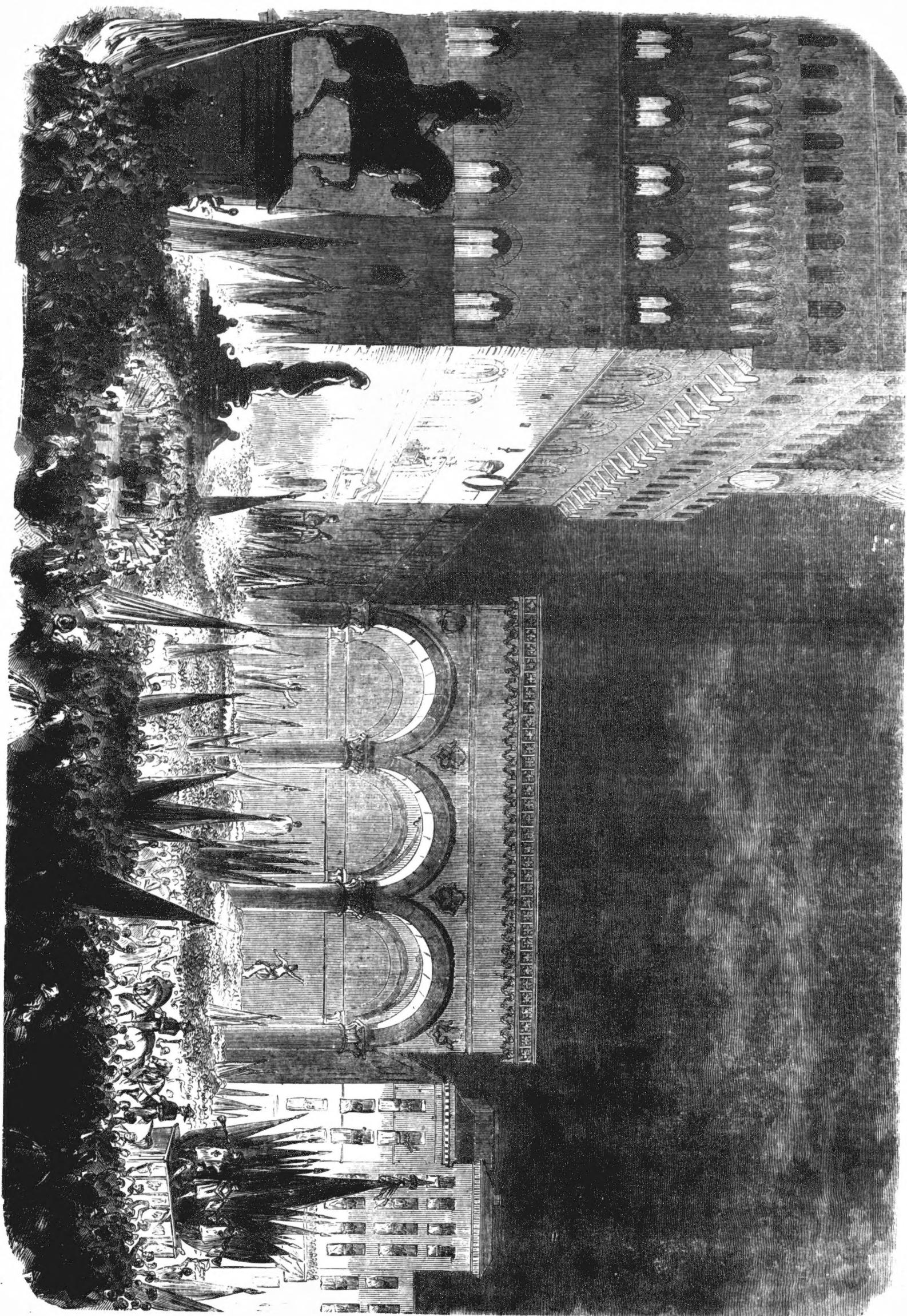
The origin of Florence is not clearly ascertained; but it owed its first distinction to Sylva, who planted in it Roman colony. In the reign of Tiberius it was one of the principal cities of Italy, and was distinguished by its writers and orators. In 541, it was almost wholly destroyed by Totila, king of the Goths. About 250 years afterwards it was restored by Charlemagne. It then became the chief city of a famous republic, and was for a lengthened period in Italy what Athens had been in Greece in the days of Xenophon and Thucydides. At length, in 1537, the Medici, from being the first of the citizens, became the sovereigns of Florence. Her fate has been thence identified with that of Tuscany.

Florence has produced more celebrated men than any other town of Italy, or perhaps of Europe; among others may be specified Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Villani, Cosmo, and Lorenzo de Medici; Galileo, M. Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Benvenuto Cellini, Alberti, Lapo, Brunelleschi, Giotto, Andrea del Sarto, Machiavelli; Popes Leo X and XI, Clement VII, VIII, XI, &c.

THROAT DISEASE.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which have proved so successful in America, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported, and sold in this country at 1s. 6d. per box. Some of the most eminent singers of the "Royal Italian Opera," Lo don, pronounce them the best article for Hoarseness ever offered to the public. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "I have often recommended them to friends who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable." Sold by all chemists.—[Advertisement.]



THE IZAK CHURCH AT ST. PETERSBURG. (See page 123.)



REJOICINGS AT FLORENCE ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF ITALY. (See page 423.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

DRURY LANE.—Sheridan Knowles's play of "The Hunchback" was performed for the last time on Monday evening, Miss Helen Fauci again delighting a crowded audience by her charming rendering of Jalla. On Wednesday, "The Lady of Lyons" gave an opportunity to Mr. Walter Montgomery of repeating the part of Claude Meloche, in which he had previously appeared to such advantage and with decided success. Miss Helen Fauci played Pauline with her accustomed grace and power. The spectacular play of "Faust" has been played two nights, and will be repeated to-night. The concluding piece each evening has been "Katherine and Petruchio." Every preparation is being made for the Christmas pantomime, which this year is entitled "Number Nip; or, Harlequin and the Gnome King of the Giant Mountain."

HAYMARKET.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews' engagement here is now drawing to a close. Next week will be the last of their lively and attractive performances. "The Game of Speculation," the burlesque of "Antony and Cleopatra," and the farce of "Shocking Events" have drawn the usual full and fashionable audiences during the week. Mr. George Turpin, the obliging box-book-keeper, takes his benefit on Wednesday evening next, when "The Game of Speculation," "A Comical Countess," and "Box and Cox," will be presented to, we trust, a crowded house.

PRINCESS'S.—There has been no change in the leading piece here, nor is there likely to be this side of Christmas; "Barnaby Rudge" and "The Mistress of the Mill" still holding their places before the public.

LYCEUM.—The present has been announced as the last week of the season here, when "The Long Strike" closes its career. "Rouge et Noir" is to be the new production by Mr. Fechter at Christmas.

OLYMPIC.—Wilkie Collins's romantic drama of "The Frozen Deep" is still the attractive piece of this theatre, and with the musical burlesque of "No," and the burlesque of "Dr. Faust and the —," there is no lack of entertainment for the numerous patrons of this establishment.

ST. AND.—The burlesque of "Kouilworth" has been revived at this pretty and fashionable house with the greatest success, much to the gratification of its laughter-loving patrons. The comedy of "Neighbours" and "Boots at the Swan" have been the other attractions. The Christmas novelty announced is the burlesque of "Guy Fawkes."

HOLBORN.—The sensational sporting drama of "Flying Scud" has here reached its sixtieth night, and is as attractive as on its first production. "Family Jars" has preceded the drama.

SADLER'S WELLS.—There has been this week an unusual round of sterling pieces brought out here under Miss Marriott's careful management. "The Merchant of Venice," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing," and "John Bull," have been the leading pieces, the principal parts being played by Mr. C. W. Barry and Miss Marriott, ably supported by Messrs. Warner, Slater, and Mrs. J. F. Saville. "Deaf as a Post" and "The Spectre Bridegroom" have afforded abundance of laughter as a relief to the heavier pieces. Last evening Mr. F. Beatey was announced for Hamlet, and this evening (Saturday) Miss Marriott appears in "The Lady of Lyons" and "The Honey-moon."

ST. JAMES'S.—Miss Herbert continues on her managerial career in the same spirited manner which has hitherto characterized her management. "Hunted Down," "Newington Butts," and "The Boarding School," have afforded ample scope for the varied talents of the excellent company engaged at this fashionable West-end house.

NEW SURREY.—The T. P. Cooke prize drama of "True to the Core" has completed its successful run, in consequence, it is stated, of the necessary preparations for the forthcoming pantomime. The comedietta of "Doing my Uncle" has preceded the drama. The Christmas production is to be "A Apple Pie; or, Harlequin Jack-in-the-Box, King Kite, Princess Battledore, and the Little Boy Blue."

ALEXANDRA.—Mr. Giovannelli continues to put forth a varied and attractive bill to his patrons at Highbury Barn. This week "The Captain's Not a-Miss," "A Lark in the Temple," "Asmodeus," and "The Assassins of the Roadside Inn," have been presented.

PRINCE OF WALES.—The new comedy of "Ours," and the burlesque of "Der Freischütz," continue to attract full and fashionable audiences, and occasionally royal visitors, to this pretty little house. The Christmas burlesque will be "Pandora's Box," by Mr. H. J. Byron.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE will open on Boxing Night under the sole management of Mr. Alfred Mellon. A new comic operetta, entitled "A Terrible Hymen," and a pantomime called "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves; or, Harlequin and the Genii of the Arabian Nights," will then be produced.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Sphor's symphony, "The Power of Sound," was listened to with devout attention by an audience which, as usual, filled every part of the music-room. Beethoven's "Leonora" overture was given at the end of the programme, and Mr. Mans took occasion to introduce some interesting notes concerning the four overtures Beethoven composed for, unfortunately, his only opera. Herr Danreuther was the pianist, and as on the occasion of his first appearance here, three seasons back, chose composition of Chopin's for one of his solos. The pianist also gave a fantasia by Liszt on waltz-melodies by F. Schubert. Madame Sincé sang the polacca "Vien en govin," from "Der Freischütz" (encored), and a decided feature of the concert was her admirable rendering of Mendelssohn's scene, "In felice." Madame Sincé threw herself heart and soul into the music, and once more proved herself a perfect mistress of a style totally opposite to others in which she has repeatedly shone. Mr. Hohler sang Raff's "There's sun-light in heaven," and the air "Dalla sua pace" from "Don Giovanni," and gained considerable applause in both instances. The vocalists combined in the duet, "Da quel di," from "Linda di Chamounix."

MR. BUCKSTONE, jun., will make his first appearance in London as Tom Dibbles, in "Good for Nothing" at the morning performance, this day (Saturday), in aid of the General Theatrical Fund.

BAL D'OPERA.—Her Majesty's Theatre is selected for the annual grand bal d'opéra, which will take place on Thursday, the 20th instant. Mr. D. Godfrey is the conductor.

MR. JOHN DOUGLASS has erected a cairn on the site of the late Standard Theatre, and opened it this evening (Saturday) with a capital array of miscellaneous talent.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—At Exeter Hall, last evening (Friday), "Elijah" was given with Madame Lemmens-Sherington,

Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley as solo vocalists. "The Messiah" is to be performed on Friday, the 21st inst.

MR. G. W. CUSICK has been appointed conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts, in lieu of Professor Sterndale Bennett, who has resigned the post which for eleven years he has held with such distinction.

MR. T. MORTON, so long known in connection with Canterbury Hall, takes a benefit at Astley's on Monday, December 17th, and from the number of his friends, the theatre is sure to be well filled.

THE NEW AMERICAN MINSTRELS have made a successful appearance at Polygraphic Hall, King William-street. Several of the company are highly entertaining and clever.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—To the lovers of scientific recreation this institution continually offers new and ever-changing varieties of amusement, pleasing alike to youth and its seniors. The latest novelty of this Museum of Science is a wonderful illusion, patented by Mr. J. H. Pepper, the talented honorary director of this institution, and is called "The Decapitated Head; or, La Cave du Bourreau." This surprising optical illusion is introduced in a lecture given by Mr. J. L. King, on the wondrous discoveries of Sir David Brewster, especially in connexion with the application of the inexhaustible beauties of the kaleidoscope to the magic lantern. The tale, of which the new illusion forms a scene, is of German origin, derived from the haunted recesses of the Hartz Mountains, and the substance of which is as follows:—A certain man completes a long list of crimes, with the attempted assassination of the Grand Duke; he is seized, tried, condemned and executed. After his death the prime minister informs the duke that it is his belief that there was more than one man involved in the transaction, and begs him to send for an old man who lives in the Hartz Mountains, half an alchemist and half an astrologer, of such marvellous skill that he can make a head, though severed from its body, speak. To this the Grand Duke readily accedes, and the old man accordingly is sent for. At this point the curtain rises, disclosing an executioner's cell, a headless tank lying near the fatal block, the executioner standing by, leaning on the ghastly implement of his calling, and the head itself on a table at the back of the stage. The astrologer presently arrives, and after muttering an incantation, questions the head as to whether there were any other persons implicated in the matter, and if so, who they were. The eyes immediately open, the lips move, and the head answers that there were no others; and afterwards, at the request of the magician, swears to the truth of this asseveration. This is certainly one of the most startling illusions we have ever seen; that the head is a live human head is no doubt, but where the body is remains at present an unsolved mystery. Nor must we forget to mention the extraordinary performances of Dugwar, the renowned Indian juggler, whose sleight-of-hand feats with knives, balls, blazing torches, &c., are of the most skilful description. Mr. Damer Cape, in his clever musical entertainment entitled a new version of "A very Old Story," is ably assisted by Miss Fanny Harter.

SERVAIS, THE VIOLONCELLIST.—The death is announced from Hal, in Belgium, of the famous violoncello player, Servais, in his sixtieth year. He was born in the same town, and was the son of a musician attached to the church, from whom he received the first lessons on the violin. The Marquis de Saye, a distinguished amateur, having remarked his ability, placed him under the instruction of Van der Plaeken, the first violin at the Monnaie Theatre at Brussels. One day Servais heard Platel, famous violoncello player, and instantly abandoned the violin for the other instrument. He entered the Conservatoire at Brussels, and became a wonderfully fine player. After a time he was advised to visit Paris, where he achieved a great triumph. He afterwards went to London, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, everywhere meeting with the same success. In 1848 he was the head of the violoncello class at the Conservatoire of Brussels, where he formed many distinguished pupils. He was an officer in the Order of Leopold.

A CHINESE MANDARIN'S DINNER PARTY.

A MANDARIN'S dinner party, as shown in our illustration on page 429, is rather a ceremonious affair. The mandarin is a great man in his way; his virtues are supposed to lend lustre to his high rank, and he takes care that his neighbours shall not forget that such is the case. He is one of the real aristocracy of the empire, and generally invested with considerable power. It appears that the Chinese nobles are of two kinds, hereditary and official. The former, consisting of the relatives of the Emperor, and styled princes, are neither numerous nor influential, as a class; the others, who are the mandarins, compose the real aristocracy of the country, and exercise all the power of the State. Of these, on the civil list of the empire, there are estimated to be no fewer than fourteen thousand. It is a dinner party at the house of one of these important personages that our engraving represents.

The houses of mandarins have been often described, as more like cabinets containing curious works of art, than the homes of active and worldly men, who have elevated themselves to a conspicuous position by their intellectual superiority. The furniture of the apartment is costly and beautiful; the chairs are richly adorned with velvet cushions and draperies, while the walls and ceilings are decorated in the most brilliant manner. When an occasion of conviviality occurs, the feast is spread with much magnificence. The table is covered with ornaments; and flowers and perfumes are placed in China jars in the centre, a clear space, however, being kept all around for the bowls of the various guests.

At the head of the table, which is a broad slab supported by a carved frame, on a chair raised higher than those of his guests, the mandarin takes his place with much pomp, and the banquet begins with a great deal of ceremony, which is of a kind somewhat inconvenient to the natives of European countries. The host drinks to his guests, and they to him in turn, which is perhaps tolerable enough; but he even eats to them; and his every movement is intended to mean something, and exerts more or less influence on the company. The dinner itself consists of a number of made dishes, served in porcelain bowls which are carried on trays, and the wine is of a light kind made from rice, but having the flavour of sherry. Although chopsticks are the instruments generally used by the Chinese at their meals, silver forks, with four prongs, are seen on grand occasions; and the wine is drunk from small cups of porcelain.

A HIDEOUS SUPERSTITION.—The *Freudenblatt* of Vienna has the following most extraordinary statement:—"At Rechnitz, in Hungary, a man has committed a horrible act through superstition: he has successively assassinated four children, and eaten their hearts, raw, believing that he would become invisible when he had done the same to seven. The crime was discovered before he had time to arrive at the end of his atrocity, and the man is in custody."

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.

The attendance at Albert-gate on Monday was very thin, and the business done was compressed within the narrowest limits. The disposition to bet on the Two Thousand Guineas was more marked than it has hitherto been, four horses being backed for that event. Plaudit was in great favour at 4 to 1, at which odds he was backed for several hundred, and at a point more Hermit met with support, but to a limited extent only. Grand Cross and Marksman appeared in the quotations for the first time, and there is every prospect that this will be a good betting race. No material alteration was observable in the Derby betting, so far as the favourites are concerned. The highest odds offered against the Rake were 15 to 2, which were taken in some instances, while several offers were made to accept 8 to 1 for large amounts. Hermit did not appear very firm, 15 to 1 going begging about him. D'Estournel was quietly supported at 12 to 1, and the remaining quotations consisted of offers only. The Priest would, however, have been backed to win £4,000 if the odds wanted had been forthcoming. The closing prices were as follows:—

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—4 to 1 agst Major Elwon's Plaudit (t/b); 5 to 1 agst Mr. Chaplin's Hermit (b); 15 to 1 agst Lord Burleigh (b); Grand Cross (t); 1,000 to 50 agst Mr. Merry's Marksman (t); 1,000 to 20 agst Sir Joseph Hawley's The Palmer (t).

THE DERBY.—15 to 2 agst Mr. Pryor's The Rake (t and off); 9 to 1 agst Major Elwon's Plaudit (t and off); 12 to 1 agst Mr. Salvile's D'Estournel (t); 15 to 1 agst Mr. Chaplin's Hermit (off); 10 to 6 agst Count F. de Lagrange's The Dragon (off); 25 to 1 agst Mr. R. Eastwood's Master Butterfly (off); 25 to 1 agst Lord Burleigh's Grand Cross (t); 50 to 1 agst Mr. A. Williams's Th. Priest (off, t 4,000 to 70); 100 to 1 agst Mr. A. Taylor's Captain Kidd (off).

A LATE FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—On Monday an adjourned inquest was held at the Station Hotel, Knottingley, before Mr. Jewison, deputy coroner, respecting the deaths of William Mills Potter and John Lindley, the former of whom was a manager and the latter an engine-man in the employ of Mr. John Botterill, dyer, of Leeds. Mr. Botterill is the inventor of a smoke-consuming apparatus, and on the 13th of October the deceased were travelling on an engine running on the Lancashire and Yorkshire line, which was fitted up with that apparatus. The train was a Great Northern one, and going from York to Grantham. When it had reached Womersley, half-way between Pontefract and Doncaster, Joseph Sutcliffe, the engineer, noticed the danger signal up, and was stopping his engine, when the fireman opened the door of the fire-place for the purpose of putting on more fuel. Owing to the draft occasioned by the smoke-consumer a great flame burst forth, and scorched both the engineer and fireman severely. Potter and Lindley were so much alarmed that they jumped from the tender while the train was yet at a considerable speed, and received such injuries that they shortly afterwards died. The evidence showed that if the door of the fire-place had been kept closed until the train had stopped most probably this accident would not have happened. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." The inquest had been adjourned until the engineer and fireman had recovered from their burns.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTH DURHAM.—The *Bishop Auckland Chronicle* attributes the serious damage which has lately been done to a number of houses at Crook from a supposed pifall to an earthquake, which has been more or less felt throughout South Durham. The injury done at Crook, it appears, is even more serious than at first reported. The earthquake wave is said to have passed south by Witton-park, Chorley, and Toft-hill, where the shock has been severe, for on the top of that hill there is now a valley, the turnpike-road having sunk many feet. Some houses are as bad as any in Crook, whilst in many fields great yawning chasms have appeared several feet deep. Next it is traced to Ramshaw Heugh, across Cockfield Fell to Wigglesworth; and here the shock must have been awful indeed, for whole fields have disappeared and sunk into the yawning depth below; and, strange as it may appear, here the wave has been checked in its southern course, and, turning west by north, has followed the coalfield right up the Guanless, destroying much land and many houses, besides injuring many roads at Lynesack, Copley, Rowntree, and other places.

THE FENIAN STEPHENS.—Gentlemen who require to travel at present would do well to provide themselves with credentials, if they would avoid the risk of being mistaken for the Fenian Head-centre Stephens. Porters at railway stations and police detectives are showing most praiseworthy vigilance and acuity in looking out for the arch-conspirator; and it is scarcely to be wondered at that they should make occasional mistakes. Our Kilmarnock correspondent relates how the police of that town pursued a suspected person to Troon on Saturday; and other cases of a somewhat similar nature have occurred in the county. A gentleman visiting Saltcoats last week received attention from the police, owing to some supposed resemblance that he bore to Stephens; and we have heard of a commercial traveller coming from Carlisle to Ayr a day or two since, who, but for the fact of his being known to one of the guards, would have had his journey interrupted. If the police and railway officials are as wide awake as those in this district, it will be something wonderful if Stephens succeed in running the gauntlet as he did on the fast occasion.—*Age Advertiser.*

SEIZURE OF A SUPPOSED FENIAN VESSEL OF WAR.—On Tuesday a large three-masted iron screw-steamer arrived in the Medway from one of the northern ports, and from several suspicious circumstances she was believed to be intended for a Fenian vessel of war. Her seizure was made by the authorities. She passes by the name of the Bolivia, and was found to have about thirty tons of gunpowder on board, which she had shipped from a barge since her arrival in the Medway, together with a number of rifled Blaizeley cannon, revolvers, swords, and other war materials. She is laden with coals, beneath which were concealed a quantity of shot and shell. No papers or documents of any kind have been found on board, and the ship is without a captain; the second officer, in charge at the time she was seized, made his escape from the vessel. The crew, numbering about twenty men, state that they were shipped for a voyage to Columbia, to which Government the vessel is stated to belong. The Bolivia appears to have sailed from Shields on Wednesday last. She is a new vessel, built by Palmer and Co., of the Jarrow Works. A strong party of the Royal Marines has been placed in charge of the ship, and the vessel is also provided by the guns of the Farnsfield, 81.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

MANSION HOUSE.

UNFOUNDED CHARGE OF POCKET-PICKING.—A well-dressed young man, named Thomas Henry Cruden, appeared before the Lord Mayor, in answer to his bail. He was defended by Mr. Beard. Thomas Brooke, a painter, living in Bermondsey, said he was standing in the doorway of the Stereoscopic Company's shop in Cheapside, looking at the photographs in the window, and saw the defendant, who was in front of the window, feel the waistcoat pockets of several persons standing there. The witness spoke to a policeman, telling him what he had seen, and the officer watched the defendant for some time, but without observing anything to excite his suspicion. Witness obtained permission to go upon a builder's scaffold close by, and thence he distinctly saw the defendant put his fingers into a gentleman's waistcoat pocket. The latter moved on one side, and after feeling his waistcoat pocket, turned towards the window again. The defendant spoke to the gentleman, and they both went away together. They turned into a side street, and witness, who had followed them, seized the defendant by the collar, and charged him with attempting to pick the pocket of the man he was then with. The man felt his pockets, and said he had not lost anything. Witness, who had watched him about twenty minutes, gave the defendant into custody, and he was taken to Bow-lane police-station, the man he had joined accompanying him there. In cross-examination by Mr. Beard, witness said he asked the gentleman if he had not felt the defendant's hand in his pocket, and he replied he had not. There was a crowd round the window, and he stood next to the defendant four different times. When he spoke to the defendant the latter took out his card-case, and offering his card, said witness must have made a mistake. He did not think he had, for he certainly saw the defendant's fingers round several gentlemen's pockets, and put into the pocket of one. Witness said he was painter, but out of employment. He worked for a Mr. Sellers, in Philadelphia, in July last. He arrived at Liverpool on his return on the 2nd of September, and had since lived in Bermondsey. He sold penny toys at nights in the streets, and looked about for employment at his own trade in daytime. He was about nine weeks in America. Police-constable Smith deposed that he was in Cheapside on the previous afternoon, and had his attention called by the prosecutor to the defendant, whom he watched for about ten minutes, but without seeing anything wrong. The gentleman the defendant was with when given into custody said he had not lost anything, and gave his address. The defendant was bailed shortly afterwards. Mr. Beard, addressing the bench, said this was a serious charge against a young gentleman who occupied a very respectable position in the City of London, and his master and members of his family were present to testify to his character. The Lord Mayor, interposing, said he had come to the conclusion that there was no evidence to support the charge. Mr. Beard asked if his lordship would not go a little further. He might state that while this young man was locked up at a police-station, his sister and his mother, a lady of independent fortune, were actually spending the evening at his (Mr. Beard's) house. It was really a sad thing. The Lord Mayor said so it was, but he had only to repeat that there was no evidence to support the charge. Mr. Beard asked the Lord Mayor if he believed the evidence of the witness Brooke. The Lord Mayor declined to express an opinion. Mr. Beard said if there had been two witnesses he should not have hesitated to prefer an indictment against Brooke for perjury. The defendant was then discharged.

GUILDFHALL.

A MODEL (?) WIFE.—Susan Brisendon, a dissipated-looking woman, was charged with being drunk and disorderly in Warwick-lane. John Walker, 263, proved that on Saturday night the prisoner would force herself into some premises in Newgate-market after the gates were shut. She was turned out two or three times, and as she persisted in trying to get back again he took her into custody, she being intoxicated. The husband of the prisoner here stepped forward, and Sir Robert Carden asked him what he had to say for his wife. He said he was sorry to be obliged to admit that she was continually drunk, and very frequently came to where he had held a situation for fifteen years, and tried to get him out of it. He and his son worked together, and he allowed her 15s. per week for bread, butter, tea and sugar, but she spent it all in drink, and pledged every bit of wearing apparel they possessed except what they stood upright in. He had a good situation, but she made his home wretched by her drunkenness and abuse. Sir R. W. Carden sentenced her to seven days' imprisonment on bread and water. The prisoner begged that she might be fined, but Sir Robert Carden declined. If he did this he should be punishing the wrong person, as it would be the husband who would suffer instead of the prisoner, who really deserved punishment.

WESTMINSTER.

CONVICTION OF AN INNOCENT PRISONER.—One of the teachers of Park-house Ragged School, Chelsea, waited upon Mr. Selfe to request his aid under the following peculiar circumstances:—He stated that among the scholars were two boys named Wyatt and Headley. The former of these had been charged before Mr. Mansfield at this court, on Thursday week, with stealing two pots of jam from a shop in Blantyre-street, Chelsea, and on the case being proved had been committed for three months to hard labour in the House of Correction. Subsequently a number of the boys in the school informed applicant that Wyatt was innocent, and that it was Headley who had committed the theft in company with another boy. The boy Headley, who accompanied the teacher and the mother of Wyatt to the court, voluntarily stated to Mr. Selfe that he and another boy, named Hubbard, having some dry bread in their hands, were induced to steal the jam to eat with it. He declared that Wyatt was not with them, and knew nothing of the theft. Wyatt's mother said that he had been convicted of this charge upon the evidence of the woman who kept the shop, who swore that he was the boy who had stolen the jam on the Tuesday night. He had been before convicted, but in this case there was no doubt of his innocence. Mr. Selfe observed that Headley had made the only reparation in his power by coming forward and admitting his dishonesty when he found that another person was innocent suffering for it. He (Mr. Selfe) had no power to interfere, but recommended the teacher to draw out a memorial to the Secretary of State, accompanied with the written confession of Headley, which he was sure would meet with prompt attention.

CLERKENWELL.

BURGLARS AT BUSINESS.—George Prendergast, aged 50, who described himself as an optician, residing at 13, Ayliffe-street, Clerkenwell, and Charles Barker, aged 24, of 92, Clerkenwell-

close, Clerkenwell, described as a jeweller, were charged before Mr. Barker with breaking into the dwelling-house of Mr. William George Haynes, cabinetmaker, of 7, Mexican-terrace, Islington, and stealing five silver fittings of a dressing-case, some other articles, and a cashbox containing £15. The prisoners had entered the house during Mr. Haynes' absence at chapel. In about ten minutes' time, two police-sergeants, who suspected their errand, knocked at the door, which was opened by the prisoners, who said they had come to see a lodger. Prendergast, on being taken into custody, dropped a jemmy, and several skeleton keys were found in their possession. They had broken open the front parlour and a back bedroom. The prisoners (who reserved their defence) were committed for trial.

WORSHIP STREET.

ALLEGED INDECENCY IN AN OMNIBUS.—Arnold Webb, a gentlemanly person of 30, resident at 44, Marquis-road, Canonbury, Islington, attended on his bail to answer a charge preferred against him by Ellen Kennett, of 10, Suffolk-street, Commercial-road East, for having indecently assaulted her in an omnibus en route to Whitechapel on the 29th ult. Mr. Lewis, son, of Ely-place, appeared, as on the previous occasion, for the defendant; and Mr. William Shaen, of the firm of Shaen and Hoscoe, in Bedford-row, appeared for the prosecution by direction of the Society for the Protection of Women and Children. The sworn evidence of the young woman was that she entered the omnibus in the Edgware-road for the purpose of reaching her home, and that she sat on the left hand side of the vehicle at the further end; that in Leadenhall-street, or the corner of Fenchurch-street, the defendant got in and took a seat by her side; that directly he sat down she felt his hand on the side of her leg as high as her knee, and then on her thigh; that she immediately sprang up and accused him of having insulted her, called him a vagabond, and threatened to give him in charge. Defendant denied knowledge of having offended, yet offered to apologise if he had. Two passengers interfered. The conductor was called on to stop, but he positively refused, alleging that he had his own business to mind, and not any of the passengers left the omnibus until it reached its destination at Whitechapel Church, when the defendant paid his fare, and was moving away hastily up Osborn-street, but complainant followed, and gave him into custody. Mr. William Shaw, of 2, Albert-place, Mile-end-road, said that when prisoner was accused he said, "Are you alluding to me?" Afterwards he offered his card, and observed, "If I am charged it will be the ruin of me." He proposed making an apology. Witness replied, "An apology would not do for me; if the complainant was my wife I would have knocked you down." Mr. Lewis made a powerful defense, and said that in cases of affiliation corroborative testimony of the material facts was necessary, but in such cases as these the most innocent man was entirely at the mercy of any woman who chose to make such allegations as the present, some ground for which might apparently exist owing to the dresses which women now wear. Ten witnesses of unquestionable respectability were then called, and each gave defendant an excellent character. Mr. Ellison said there were circumstances in the case that justified him in sending it for trial. He would forbear from expressing any opinion on the case. Mr. Lewis wished it to be understood that he made no imputation on the character of the complainant. She had been a cook, a servant; but that, of course, did not, as she herself remarked, exclude her from protection and justice. That she was in error, and was under some misapprehension, he felt thoroughly assured, and he did hope that Mr. Shaen, in the exercise of a very wide discretionary power possessed by him, would not press the case for trial. Mr. Shaen felt that he ought not to say a word on one side or the other, and finally defendant was fully committed, but released on bail.

SOUTHWARK.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.—Job Fryer, a singular-looking old man, described as a retired tradesman, residing at 20, Ann-terrace, Brunswick-road, Bromley, was placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham, charged with attempting to commit suicide by jumping off London-bridge into the Thames. William Maxted, a Custom-house waterman, said that about seven o'clock on the previous evening he was near London-bridge, in his boat, when he saw something drop from the bridge, and heard a heavy splash in the water. He rowed to the spot, and heard some one call out, "Save me, save me!" Witness then saw the prisoner struggling in the water, and with considerable difficulty he pulled him into the boat. The prisoner said that it was a pure accident. He was passing over the bridge towards the railway on his return home, when a heavy gust of wind blew his hat over the parapet. He climbed up to reach it, when he unfortunately slipped and fell down into the river. Maxted said that it seemed as if he jumped from the bridge. It really was a wonder he was not smashed against the abutment. Later in the day the prisoner's sister attended and said she was sure he never intended to commit suicide, as he was very comfortably off. The prisoner promised his worship that, if allowed to go with his sister, he would never climb the parapet of the bridge again. Mr. Burcham strongly advised him not to repeat such a dangerous freak, and ordered him to be delivered up to his sister.

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.—In the obituary of the *Times* of Saturday the deaths are recorded of five ladies and one gentleman whose united ages amounted to 525 years, giving an average of exactly eighty-seven years and six months to each. The ladies' ages were respectively eighty, eighty-five, eighty-seven, ninety-two, and ninety-four years each; the gentleman was eighty-seven years of age.

THE BLOWING-UP OF THE CONVENT IN CANADA.—The *Seminar of Marseilles* published the following letter, dated November 29:—“The Canadian news comes up to the 27th. The loss of the Turks in the affair of the Convent of Arzakha has been enormous. The convent was defended by 197 Christians. There were also in it 313 women and children, who took refuge within its walls. Mustapha Pasha attacked the convent with 12,000 men. The combat lasted two days and two nights, during which more than a thousand cannon shots were fired at the building. A breach having been made, the Turks, after the loss of many men, got within the walls of the convent, in the court of which the battle was continued for six hours longer. All at once a terrible explosion blew up the greater part of the vast building. The Christians had set fire to the powder. 200 Turks, among whom were a great many officers, were killed. The number of wounded is enormous. It appears from the official report that more than a thousand wounded persons were conveyed to Vanci and Sona, the hospital of E. Lynne not affording sufficient accommodation. Mustapha Pasha retreated to the fortress of Rethymno, taking with him sixty of the women, children, and nuns, who were not killed by the explosion.”

Literature.

“BOW BELLS.” EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER.—It is usual at this season of the year to look out for the extra Christmas numbers of the popular periodicals. “Bow Bells” has always held a prominent place with its “extras,” and this year, in particular, it is exceedingly strong in interest. The title of the “extra” is very quaint, and we here give it in full, with the introduction:—

THE BLUE DOOR;
AND WHO KNOCKED AT IT.

1. THE GENTLEMAN IN EVENING DRESS.
2. THE LADY IN BLACK SILK, TRIMMED WITH WHITE.
3. THE OLD GENTLEMAN IN A SWALLOW-TAIL COAT.
4. THE YOUNG PERSON IN BOOK-MUSLIN.
5. THE STOUT MAN WITH A SKYE TERRIER.
6. THE ELDERLY PARTY WITH A COTTON UMBRELLA.

INTRODUCTION.

GREEN doors, brown doors, and black doors are common enough; but a blue door is a rarity in our metropolis, or, for the matter of that, in any other. Only a few years ago, however, a blue door, in the heart of Bloomsbury, was glaringly conspicuous, and roused the ire of those whose ideas of propriety were outraged by so unusual a colour.

It was Christmas Day. The air was filled with snow, which drifted in heavy clouds from the north-west. The streets were several inches deep in their wintry vestment, and a keen, biting blast tore along with Siberian violence, whistling under the eaves, and making rough music in every hole and cranny.

The blue door was only partially visible, as the snow had beaten against it, and banked it up as with a buttress; but the number, in brass, brightly burnished, was distinct enough.

As if awed by its colour, the boys with brooms and spades had made no descent upon the steps of the blue door. The snow was allowed to accumulate and remain there in all its integrity. The house to which the door of the curlew hue gave ingress was decidedly of the ghostly order. The bricks seemed a tithe more grimy and smoked than London bricks usually are. Thick screens before the windows repelled inquisitive glances; and when the blinds were down, and the shutters closed, it was a fit habitation for a magus of the East, or the compiler of a prophetic almanack.

There were few people abroad on that eventful and ever-memorable Christmas Day, and those who were compelled to wander in the inclement weather, hurried along with a rapidity that evidenced their anxiety to reach a place of shelter.

Up to five o'clock not a single person had knocked at the blue door, and the private opinion of three maiden ladies who lived opposite was that there would be no feast of roast beef, or unwise indulgence in plum pudding, within its inhospitable-looking walls.

As the evening advanced the storm became fiercer. The wind demons danced fantastically, bellowing down chimneys, and screaming down areas, playing strange freaks with hats and umbrellas, and tossing the snow up and down as if it had been so much impalpable dust.

A little after five, a Hansom cab drew up with a bang and a clatter at the blue door. Stepping lightly out, a gentleman in evening dress ran up the steps and knocked at the door.

Having received his fare, the cabman drove away just as the door was opened by a footman in a blue livery, who ushered the guest into a drawing-room on the ground-floor, without saying a word.

Strange to relate, the furniture in this room was blue. The carpet was blue, picked out with white. The curtains were of the same striking colour; the chairs and sofas were covered with blue-flowered damask; and the paper on the walls was blue as an Italian sky.

A large fire was burning in the grate. Books and papers lay on the table, and everything spoke of comfort and hospitality. The gentleman in evening dress took a seat, with his opera-hat under his arm, and waited patiently. He was about seven-and-twenty, handsome, elegant, and evidently accustomed to move in good society. But, from the curious way in which he regarded everything, this was probably his first visit to No. 7, Greatheart-street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

After the lapse of a short time, a decidedly lady-like knock was heard at the blue door. The footman admitted lady in black silk, trimmed with white.

The domestic stopped a question which was trembling on the tip of her tongue by ushering her into the drawing-room, with the rapidity he had exercised in the case of the gentleman in evening dress.

The gentleman rose as she entered, and slightly bowed, at which the lady appeared astonished. Seeing at once that he was not the host she sat down, and turned over the leaves of a book of beauty.

The lady in black silk, trimmed with white, was between twenty and thirty. She wore a low-necked dress, but protected herself from the severity of the weather by a covering of lace. Her features were well formed and striking. She wore diamonds, and was apparently in easy circumstances.

While the gentleman in evening dress, and the lady in black silk, trimmed with white, were stealing furtive glances at one another, and were mutually detected regarding intently the holly and mistletoe with which the room was lavishly decorated, a third knock was heard at the blue door, and an old gentleman in a swallow-tail coat was shortly afterwards ushered in by the curulean footman.

He advanced promptly to the fire, and rubbed his hands together before the cheerful blaze, exclaiming, “Bless me, how cold it is!” but as his observation was addressed to no one in particular, it remained unanswered and uncommented upon.

The old gentleman in a swallow-tail coat visibly belonged to a bygone generation. The flat brass buttons on his coat spoke volumes, as did the peculiar cut of his clothes. His voluminous shirt-frill was eloquent of long ago, and the watch-chain which dangled from his fob was of an old-fashioned pattern.

With the freedom which an elderly Englishman usually arrogates to himself, he took up a favourable position in front of the fire, artistically separating his coat-tails, and tenderly placing one under each arm, and having so arranged them, breathed a sigh of relief.

The ormolu clock on the mantel-piece softly tinkled, indicating half-past six. The vibration had scarcely died away, before the knocker on the door was agitated a fourth time, but in a very timid, not to say absolutely nervous, manner.

The gentleman in evening dress, the lady in black silk, trimmed with white, and the old gentleman in a swallow-tail coat, looked

up in expectation. They were somewhat surprised to see a young person in book-muslin enter the apartment, chaperoned, as before, by the cerulean footman.

The young person in book-muslin curseyed to each of the assembled company, and looked very thankful when the gentleman in evening dress offered her a chair. She wore thread gloves, and shoes with sandals, shivered occasionally, and appeared painfully conscious that rude Boreas was king, and that the snow lay half a foot deep on the pavement.

Crossing her hands demurely on her lap, the young person in book-muslin meekly lowered her eyes, and appeared to be absorbed in mental arithmetic. She gave a half-start whenever the wind whistled and roared louder than usual, and the perpetual simper which sat on her lips vanished for the moment. She had long, flaxen hair, and the rosy cheeks of a doll, between which and her there were few generic differences. She almost sprang from her chair as a loud rat, rat, rat echoed through the street, announcing the arrival of another visitor.

When the door again opened, it gave admittance to a stout man,

lently, being with difficulty restrained by the stout man, his master, who nearly strangled him in the effort.

A voice was soon afterwards heard in the passage. It was the voice of a woman somewhat advanced in years, who spoke in a measured manner, but with a volubility that was perfectly irresistible. She was addressing the cerulean footman.

"Yes, yes, my good man," she said, "I know this is No. 7, Greatheart Street—that, my eyes told me plain enough—but what I want you to tell me is, am I right? Here is my letter of invitation; take it and read it; and if I've come wrong, or there's any mistake, perhaps you'll be good enough to call me a cab, and I'll go to my sister Betsy's, who's got a nice goose, stuffed with sage and onions. I have arranged so to do all along, thinking it better to have two strings to one's bow, and there being no luck without eating a bit of Christmas pudding."

The footman's reply was to assure her she was not mistaken, to add that dinner would be on the table at six precisely, and to usher into the room an elderly party, with a cotton umbrella. She had on a black stuff gown, probably coeval with the accession of

As the elderly party with a cotton umbrella produced her letter, every one began to feel in his or her pocket, quickly displaying a counterpart of that which had been read.

"I am unable to afford you any information," said the gentleman in evening dress. "The letter I received is worded in a manner precisely similar to that which you have read."

"I may make the same remark," observed the lady in black silk, trimmed with white.

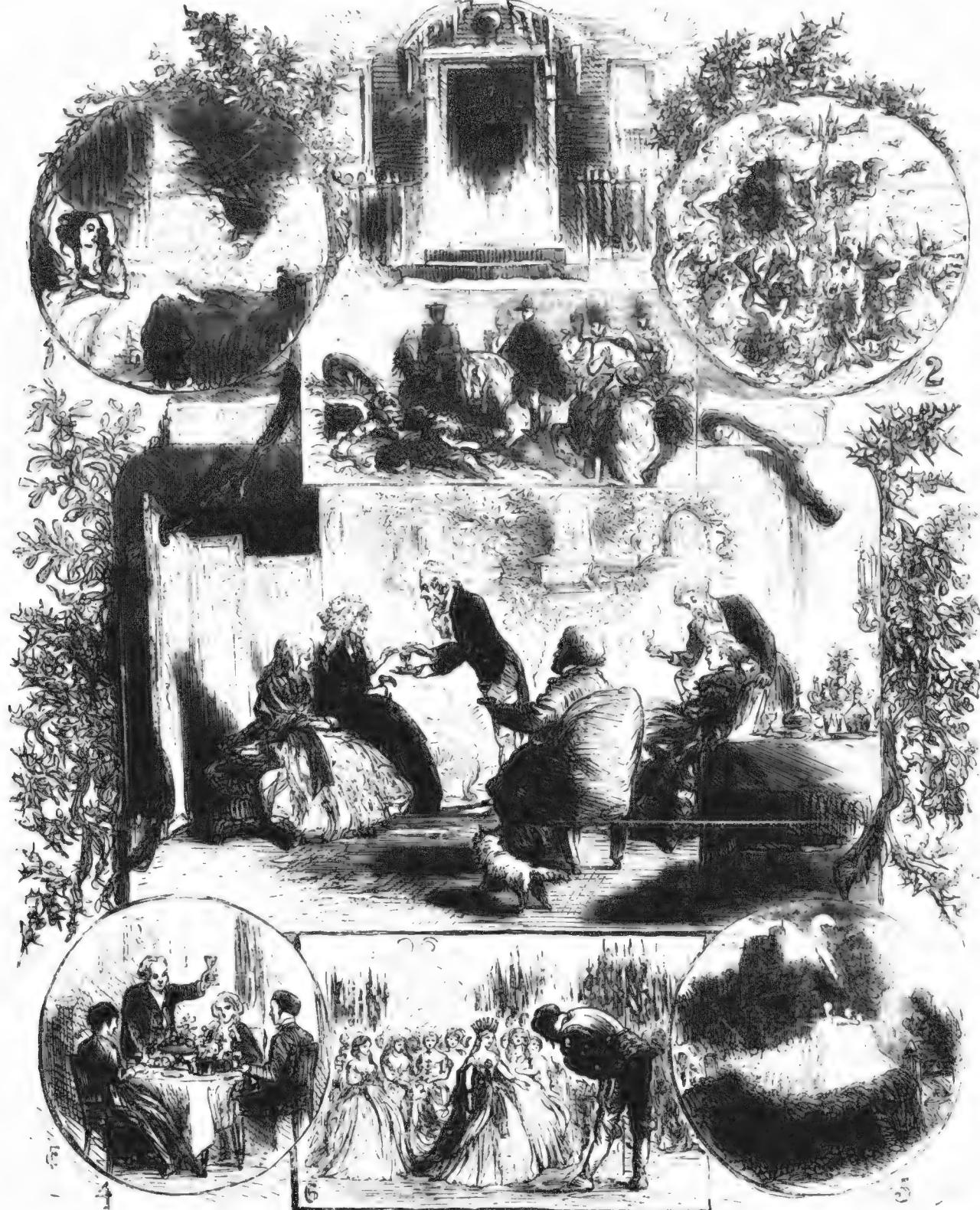
"And I," exclaimed the old gentleman in a swallow-tail coat. "Never was a man more completely in the dark than I am."

"I regret very much that I cannot throw any light upon the perplexing subject," said the young person in book-muslin, with a characteristic simper.

"I've come to have some dinner, and I shan't go without!" put in the stout person with a Skye terrier.

"To that I say ditto!" chimed in the elderly party with a cotton umbrella, stamping her right foot emphatically.

Throwing open some folding-doors, the cerulean footman cried in a loud voice, "Dinner is on the table!"



THE BLUE DOOR: AND WHO KNOCKED AT IT.—ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE STORIES.

with a Skye terrier. There did not seem to be much polish about this individual, who might have been an omnibus-driver, but was probably a small tradesman, or the proprietor of cabs. He wore a suit of grey Scotch tweed, blucher boots, squared at the toes, and a black and white spotted neckerchief. He advanced to the fire, followed by his dog, and both proceeded to warm themselves with great satisfaction.

A few minutes elapsed, during which those who had watches looked at them, and those who had not looked at the clock. Notably, the stout man with the Skye terrier and the young person in book-muslin regarded the clock.

Suddenly, a sixth knock at the door was heard—a heavy, uncomfortable, blundering sort of knock, which might have announced the arrival of the washing on Saturday night, but would never have heralded the advent of a peer of the realm, or even a City knight.

The Skye terrier, now in a terrible passion, and barked vio-

lently; Victoria to the throne; a cap of irreproachable whiteness encircled her face; her hands were adorned with mittens, and she wore goloshes.

"Perhaps," said the elderly party with a cotton umbrella, looking blandly around her,—"perhaps some of you ladies and gentlemen will be kind enough to tell me what this pampered menial refuses to communicate, and if the stout gentleman will be so good as to keep his dog from sniffing round my boots, I shall take it as favour, through having an aunt who died from the effects of a bite, she being afraid of water, and barking unnaturally till her last gasp, when it was a growl. Here is my invite, which says, 'The pleasure of Mrs. Sarah Billings' (that is my name) company to dinner, on Christmas Day, at six o'clock, is requested at 7, Greatheart-street, Bloomsbury. A want of compliance with this request will be attended with unexpected and disastrous results. Now, I don't know anybody living here, and never did; so, if it's a hoax, I'll make my bow, and likewise exit."

The old gentleman in evening dress offered his arm to the lady in black silk, trimmed with white; the old gentleman in a swallow-tail coat paired off with the young person in book-muslin; and the stout man, with the Skye terrier, put himself by the side of the elderly party with a cotton umbrella.

The procession being formed, they marched into the dining-room, and, with a few smiles and appropriate remarks on the oddity of the adventure, seated themselves.

The dinner was served *à la Russe*, so that no trouble in carving was given. The soups, fish, poultry, and joints were excellent. The wine was without a fault, and plentiful. The attendance brisk and courteous. Soon the six guests, an hour before utter strangers to one another, appeared to have been acquainted for years, the conversation became animated, and all was mirth and activity.

When the cloth was removed, and dessert placed on the table the gentleman in evening dress rose, and proposed the health of



A CHINESE DINNER PARTY. (See page 426.)

their absent entertainer, which was drank with much enthusiastic applause. Having done duty to the grapes and pine-apples, as they had to the turkeys, beef, and plum-pudding, they retired to the drawing-room; on the table smoked a huge bowl of punch, flanked right and left with ladies and glasses.

The old gentleman in a swallow-tail coat looked round benignantly. It was the general impression that he had an idea, and was about to communicate it. The general impression was a correct one.

"In my young days," he began, "it was the custom on festive occasions, such as the present, to while away an hour, or even two hours, in the pleasant occupation of telling stories. If the ladies and gentlemen I see around me, and whom I am proud to call my friends, coincide with me, I shall be happy to contribute my mite of fiction to the fund of narrative."

This idea was received with acclamation; and, after a little discussion, it was arranged that each person should tell a story, and that the different stories should be related by the guests in the order in which they arrived; consequently, upon the gentleman in evening dress devolved the duty of commencing.

A half-circle was formed around the fire. The glasses were filled to the brim with the steaming punch. The elderly party forgot her antipathy to the Skye terrier, and solemnly gave it as her opinion that dogs were faithful creatures, and the friends of man. The young person in book-muslin omitted to simper, and the old gentleman allowed the swallow-tails of his coat to rest in peace.

[Our space will only admit of extracting one of the stories; but to make the selection is a difficult matter, where each is so interesting. We take, therefore, the one that suits our space.]

THE NEALHAM GHOST.

A STORY TOLD BY THE STOUT MAN WITH A SKYE TERRIER.
It had long been the tradition in Nealham, that every 2nd of January a ghost appeared in the old churchyard, and wandered there until near dawn. What form this ghost assumed was never known. Only one man had ever seen it, and he was found speechless, coiled up under a gravestone, the next morning, and when he recovered, could not be persuaded to refer to the subject, even in the remotest way.

He even left Nealham to avoid these interrogations, and thereby the mystery was deepened rather than decreased. That he had seen something, and this something so terrible that the image would never leave him all his future life, every one could understand; and the feeling of consternation was so intense in Nealham for a while, that it was with difficulty the people could be induced to pass the churchyard even in broad daylight.

The rector reasoned with them in his kind and sensible way, and argued that the man had been cheated by an over-vivid imagination, which the scene and hour had stimulated unduly; but it was no use, the Nealham ghost became an established fact in the town, in spite of all he could urge against it, and on the 2nd January nearly every house was shut early, in order to shut out this awful visitant from the other world.

One house, however, was always open on this identical night, and that was the public-house. In the warm parlour were congregated about half a dozen of the villagers, who, on this particular evening, the 2nd January, were discussing the all-absorbing matter.

"I don't believe in ghosts," said Mark Day, oracularly—"I don't believe in ghosts, and never did. It ain't likely. What are ghosts, I should just like to know?"

He looked round upon the group collected about the fire as he

spoke, with an expression at the same time inquiring and severe. No one answered him. Nor did he expect that any one would, for Mark was accustomed to have it all his own way in an argument.

"What I always say is this: if ghosts would bear looking into, what makes 'em so rapid? I don't want to be here, there, and everywhere in a minute, myself; and why? Why, because I can show myself to any one without being ashamed, and don't make no professions I can't keep. There is a good deal in that," concluded Mr. Day; and the others seemed to agree with him perfectly.

"Then you mean to say, sir," ventured a pale, melancholy-looking individual, "that there aren't no such things as ghosts?"

"That's my humble opinion," replied Mark; "but when I find one as is ready to be examined, and will allow me to touch him, I may, perhaps, change my mind."

"And you'd have no objection to going to Nealham churchyard to-night, of course, if that's your sentiments?" interrogated the melancholy-looking personage aforesaid.

"It wouldn't be my choice in the way of a walk," replied Mr. Day, with praiseworthy candour; "at the same time, if there was any necessity—"

"I didn't mean there was a necessity; but, if so be you was to go, it would be a comfort to a great many of us," interrupted the other.

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Day, and stroked his chin.

Here was a fine opportunity, he thought, for cementing his influence in the village, and raising himself to an indisputable pre-eminence. He didn't relish the idea of the undertaking. The recollection of the lonely churchyard, with its ghostly, gleaming gravestones, chilled his very soul; but Mark was proud and ambitious, and to do for nothing that which no one in Nealham would do for a great reward would be a grand achievement, and could not fail to make his popularity and supremacy lasting.

As these reflections passed through Mark's mind, he rubbed his chin again, looked down on the ground, pondered anxiously with himself as to his capabilities for the enterprise, and finally spoke.

"I'm a man of few words, but what I say I mean. 'If so be, as you say, Mr. Langley, it would be a comfort to a good many, I've no objections to go."

"I'm sure it would be a comfort to me," answered a ruddy-faced farmer, of the name of Brown, "for my wife can't sleep at night for talking and thinking of the ghost, and I'm most wore out keeping awake for company. Every time I drop off, she gives me a poke. 'Brown,' says she, 'I see it,'—and then there's no pacifying her for a long while. If I could tell her as you'd been there, on the very spot, at the very hour, and found yourself as comfortable as the cold, and so forth, would allow, I've no doubt she'd be more easier, and not dwell upon the matter at this time of year always as she does now."

"Maybe not," replied Day, with an air of importance; "at any rate, we'll try the remedy, Mr. Brown."

Brown's face brightened perceptibly.

"And you'll go from our house, Mr. Day. My wife shall give you something hot and comforting before you start."

"If he takes too much," said the melancholy man, with a sneer, "he'll see double, perhaps, and then we shall have two ghosts to trouble us, instead of one."

"Never you fear," said Day, in a slightly offended tone. "I know when to begin, and where to stop. Enough is as good as a feast, any day."

"And better," said Brown, laughing; "for people are apt to be ill after a feast, but they are never ill from satisfying themselves."

Enough for yourself, and a little to spare for your friends, that's my idea of happiness, Mr. Day."

"And a very good idea, too," responded Day, moving off.

"And you'll be with us about tea o'clock," Brown called after him.

"Ten o'clock, punctual," answered Day, as he walked slowly down the street, and disappeared in the gloom.

When Mark Day got to Mrs. Brown's that night, he found that estimable lady seated at her hearth, with a white, perturbed face, whilst every corner of the large, oak-panelled room was brilliantly illuminated, as for some grand ceremonial.

She almost embraced Mark as he entered, and immediately set before him dish of smoking sausages, garnished round with mashed potatoes, delicately browned. Then she drew a bottle of rum out of the cupboard, placed sugar, lemons, &c., on the table, and bade him help himself. The kettle was smoking on the hob, and making cheery music. Mark felt very comfortable, and said so. He ate his supper, and sipped his grog, and grew braver and braver every minute.

"The fact is," as he said to Mrs. Brown, "some men are born cowards, and can't help it. But I always had a wonderful spirit, from my cradle."

"I am sure you must have had," answered Mrs. Brown.

"Nothing ever frightened me," Mark went on. "My mother used to say that I was so venturesome, that she never knew when she dressed me in the morning whether she should undress me at night."

"And very natural, under the circumstances," replied Mrs. Brown. "Is your mother alive still?" she added, presently, with melancholy significance. "Because, if so, and you have any message, or anything you'd like to give her—"

This suggestion cooled Mr. Day's valour. He felt himself grow suddenly cold, even in front of the warm blaze, and he had to drink half a tumbler full of punch before he became himself again.

Then he answered faintly that he had no one to take any particular notice of what he did, though, of course, there was no danger—none at all.

"Any ways, you'll leave your watch and other valuables with me," continued Mrs. Brown, in the same consolatory manner; "and if anything should happen—though I am far from saying it will, Mr. Brown—I daresay you've got some person as you'd wish informed, and the valuables given up to. I should take a pleasure in following out your last wishes, if you mention them."

Mark Day handed over his possessions promptly by way of escaping from the lugubrious subject, but he declined to specify any special destination for them in case of his demise. To have gone through such a ceremony as that would have destroyed the feeble remains of his courage, and left him incapable of performing his contract.

At this moment Brown came in, and his cheery voice and smile dispelled some of the gloom that was gathering about Day's heart, and giving him strange and awful thrills from head to foot.

"And so you've quite made up your mind to go?" inquired Brown, as he seated himself by Mark's side at the table.

"Oh, dear, yes," answered Day, with assumed alacrity; "when I make a promise, I keep to it."

"And very creditable," said Brown, helping himself to a saucer. "I dare say," he added, presently, "that after all the talk the ghost will turn out to be a humbug."

"John, John!" exclaimed his wife, admonishingly, "you're tempting Providence."

"But what does your person say about ghosts? and he's a man

of learning," returned Brown, in an apologetic tone. "He says it's all imagination, doesn't he?"

"I believe he does," said Day, who found comfort in the acknowledgment.

"And, bless me, if he doesn't know, who should?" continued Brown. "There are no such things as ghosts, you may depend."

"Then, perhaps, you would like to come with me?" said Mark, with suppressed eagerness.

"You mistook my meaning," answered Brown, colouring suspiciously. "My mistress couldn't part with me, I know; and, besides, I catch cold so easily I should be laid up for a month, or more, if I was to go out this bitter night. Take another tumbler of punch, Mr. Day, it will warm you," he added; and then he turned the subject.

Mark lingered in the comfortable parlour until the very last minute. The clock struck eleven, and still he did not move.

"The churchyard isn't much more than three quarters of a mile from here," he said. "I can get there very well in a quarter of an hour. I shall wait till half-past eleven, and then I shall start."

He had finished a third tumbler of punch, when he rose, put on his great-coat, took his hat, and reluctantly prepared to depart.

Brown and his wife both accompanied him to the door, and drew back shivering at the raw blast which met them on the threshold.

The moon was up, and pierced the clouds lazily, but there was not a star to be seen. Every now and then the wind howled drearily, and mingled with the distant roar of the sea; otherwise, the silence was so intense that Mark could hear his own steps, one by one, on the frosty road.

The air confused his head a little at first; for, although perfectly sober, Mark had drunk more than his custom, and felt the effects a little when he began to move.

He walked on, humming a tune under his breath, and trying to divert his thoughts from the object of his enterprise. But we are bound to say that he felt nervous, and ill at ease. Several times he fancied he heard a low, creeping footfall behind him, and summoning all his courage, turned to face his pursuer, to find, of course, that his ear had deceived him.

Once or twice, too, he made a bold effort, and marched up to a shadow that had tormented him, accosting it in a conciliatory tone. But the shadow, which might, perhaps, have been his own, eluded him, dodging him from side to side pertinaciously, and finally disappearing into the embrace of other shadows, when weary of the port.

He was near the churchyard now, and the clock was near upon twelve, for he could hear it give that little clicking sound by which it was in the habit of warning people of its intention before it struck.

At this moment his heart rose in his throat, almost choking him.

In an opposite field he saw some large white object, standing immovable, and apparently turned towards him. His breath came in gasps, and he felt his very lips turn livid.

A cold perspiration broke out upon his forehead, and gathering in large beads, fell into his eyes, blinding him.

He wiped them away with a shaking hand, and looked again. The thing had begun to move now, slowly and painfully, in Day's direction, and he awaited the encounter in abject terror, vainly essaying to utter a prayer.

It came to the hedge which divided the field from the churchyard, and leant over. Day heard it sniff two or three times, then it withdrew, and walked away again at the same leisurely, uneasy pace. Day fetched a long breath, and laughed nervously. It was Farmer Low's lame mare, Lily.

And Day laughed again louder, but somehow his laugh sounded hollow, and strange, and awful, and provoked such harsh echoes that he was sorry now he had not held his peace; and, besides, it might seem like mockery.

Mockery of what? There were no such things as ghosts, everybody knew that, and, therefore, there was nothing to mock here but the quiet gravestones, and little heed would they take of his merriment. At the same time, it was just as well to be careful.

On the north side, the church was in shadow; for the moon had moved round to the south by this time; and Day, who liked to have as much light as possible, followed the moon, and confined his walk to a narrow path along the side of the churchyard, where every object was distinctly visible, and there was no fear of deception of any kind.

He had just begun to pace backwards and forwards, when the clock struck twelve, giving out each stroke with solemn emphasis.

Mark started involuntarily. The sound seemed to boom through the misty air, and mingle musically with the night winds out at sea. Mark listened uneasily, and cast anxious eyes about.

Was wonderful how grim and ghostly the old tower looked outlined in white against the cloudy sky; and the gleaming gravestones were like so many ghosts themselves, and gave Mark an odd feeling of repulsion as he glanced their way.

The cold air, the untimely hour, and Mrs. Brown's punch, made Mark feel rather drowsy at last. He sat down on the low stile, and fairly nodded.

The clock struck one.

This seemed to rouse Mark. He opened his eyes, and reconnoitred warily. He was going to shut them again, when the church-door was flung open with a loud clank, and there issued forth a strange procession of shrouded figures, whose faces were rigidly concealed from view.

They moved noiselessly round the churchyard, until they came to the place where Mark sat, when they suddenly paused. The first advanced to within a yard of him, and uncovered a face so grey, and wan, and deathlike—so awful in its cold stillness and repose—that Mark wondered he should be allowed to see it, and live.

For a full minute, which seemed to Mark a long hour, the spectre fronted him with the same horrible tranquillity of attitude and expression; then it covered its face again, and moved away, followed as before by the shadowy, muffled train.

Mark tried to jump off the stile then, but found that some invisible power held him fast. He was actually glued to the spot, though he saw, with indescribable dread, the little army of ghosts nearing him again, after their dreary round, and could almost have sworn that he saw the white, awful face of the foremost piercing the folds of its shroud.

He would have given all he possessed in the world at that minute for his usual freedom of action, or even for a tithe of that energy he had often lavished so prodigally. But, in the moment of his supreme need, it seemed to forsake him, and leave him helpless, at the mercy of his ghostly enemies.

Nearer and nearer they came, without the sound of a footfall, or the rustle of a garment, and halted once again in front of Mark Day. Gradually the first drew the folded covering from its face,

and looked at him with its hollow, awful eyes; and, this time, there was an expression of unmistakable menace in its regard.

When it had passed on, Mark made a new and more violent effort to escape, but with the same success.

He could neither move nor speak; but his other senses were the keener for this deprivation. Though the clouds frequently shifted across the moon, and partially obscured its light, Mark could see as plainly every object about him as if it were broad day. His sense of hearing, too, was unusually acute.

The faintest rustle of the leaves, the motion of the insects in the grass, the tick, tick of the old clock in its worm-eaten frame, were all so clear and vivid to Mark, and kept time so strangely with the throbings of his heart and brain, that he felt every minute as if he must go mad.

It appeared to him impossible that he should ever go through another encounter like the two last—that he should ever meet again the cold, ghastly glance of those terrible eyes. And yet it was evident that he would have to do so; for he was as firmly rooted to his place as ever, whilst the spectral figures had already made half of their melancholy round, and were turning in his direction.

Mark awaited their approach with gaping mou'li and distended eyes. He no longer tried to feel brave, for the effort was ridiculously useless, as he knew. He resigned himself entirely to the abject fears that possessed him. Hiding his face in his damp, shaking hands, he endeavoured to shut out the fearful sight. But either his fingers were too tremulous to keep their position, or he was not permitted to evade any part of his punishment, for he found that he could see as well as before.

Not one of the slow, gliding movements was lost upon him. He even noticed that the gravestones shrank back as the procession passed, and left the path clear, and that the old clock was silent suddenly from awe. Even inanimate things trembled and feared, how much more should he, who could realize something of the significance of this demonstration.

The ghosts halted in front of Mark, and the first stepped forward two paces. But here there was an alteration in the ceremony; for no sooner had their leader taken his place before Mark, than the others turned silently, and glided away. They disappeared through the church-door, which closed upon them with a loud, deafening clang, and Mark saw no more.

He had only one enemy to encounter now; but this one looked at him with such cold, cruel eyes that Mark began to think the price of his experience would be death. At last the shadow spoke, in a hollow, rattling voice, that sounded as if it came out of the bowels of the earth.

"How dare you come here?" it said, and clenched its bony fist menacingly. "Are you tired of life?"

"No, no," replied Mark, very humbly; "it wasn't that."

"Then what was it?" And the cold, filmy eyes began to brighten, and fill with a strange, pale fire.

Mark had no answer to give. He dared not equivocate—he dared not speak the truth. Either way there seemed to be equal peril. But finding that he was expected to say something, he stammered out, at last, that he didn't know.

"Then I do," returned the spectre, in a tone of such severity that Mark shivered with apprehension. "You came to mock us—to make sport of our power—to boast of our impotence—and now you shall pay the penalty of your temerity. Move on. Do you hear?"

The spectre lashed him with its long, skinny fingers, and he staggered to his feet, and fled before it.

Round and round the churchyard he ran, gasping, stumbling, praying, the spectre at his heels, lashing him again with its long, thin fingers, directly he seemed inclined to pause, and urging him on by an influence he could no more resist than he could stem the angry waves of the sea.

He began to think that this race would last to all eternity, in the same dull, painful round. But presently the same powerful agency, which had held command over him for the last hour, impelled him into the road, and here he breathed an almost hopeless hope that his troubles were over. He was out of the spectre's dominions now; the lonely churchyard, the great white tower, were behind him, and he was in the lane, where all might walk without offence to the terrible foe he had just encountered.

He stole a backward glance, and even this faint hope deserted him. There stood the spectre, pointing him forward with its fingers, urging him to speed with its flaming eyes, as determined and terrible as ever.

Mark fled again, and at each pause he felt the cold, clammy hand striking him like a lash, and wounding his neck, and was fain to avoid its blows by increased speed.

Finally, he drew near Brown's house.

Some inward instinct seemed to tell him that he might halt there, and he halted. The window of the farmer's sitting-room was close to the ground, and he looked in with eager eyes. The contrast of the comfort he saw within seemed to increase the miseries of his position threefold.

The fire still burnt brightly on the hearth, and Brown was sitting on one side, buried in a huge arm-chair, dozing. Opposite him, his wife reclined on a warm couch, nodding from time to time, but rousing often to glance timidly round the room and into the gloomy corners. The glasses were on the table, just as Mark had left them; so was the bottle, in which the rum had been; but Mark noticed that all this was gone, and of the two lemons which Mrs. Brown first brought, but a piece remained.

No doubt they had been very comfortable, though perhaps Brown would rather have been in bed, if his wife would have permitted him. But she had promised Mark, almost the last thing, that they would both sit up, so that he might feel he had a place of refuge open to him if he were hard pressed, and he would mighty have liked to test their hospitality at this very moment. But it was not to be.

Having permitted him to gloat over every detail of this scene, the spectre turned him round towards the churchyard again, and bade him, in the same stern tone as before, "Move on!"

It was useless to resist. Mark, with a sigh that came from his heart, resigned himself to his painful fate, and retraced his steps wearily to the place from whence he had come.

When he reached the stile, the moon was getting low in the sky, and the clouds were thickening about it, as if shutting out the tardy dawn.

The clock was striking six, but not in its old, solemn way. The strokes came quicker, Mark thought, and had a stirring tone in them, as if some spell which had been over its movements had been withdrawn, and left it free.

At this moment the spectre forced Mark into his former position on the stile, and spoke.

"You will never come here again?" it said.

"Never, never!" murmured Mark, breathlessly.

"You will never dare to mock us, or to question our influence from this hour?"

"Never, never!" repeated Mark, still more emphatically.

"Then this time I will let you off with your life; but you shall carry a scar from this enterprise which shall last you as a warning until you become yourself even as I am."

Mark felt a sudden pressure on his throat, and thought he was choking. Then he was thrust backwards over the stile, and fell to the ground with a crash which sent a sudden, searching pain through his whole body. After this, darkness and oblivion enveloped him, and he remembered no more.

When he awoke to consciousness, he found himself in Mrs. Brown's best bedroom, with that amiable person in close attendance.

He might have doubted all the occurrences of the past night, only that his head throbbed and ached badly, and he found that it was bound round with several bandages. He wanted to question Mrs. Brown, if only for the sake of hearing his voice, but this she absolutely forbade.

"The doctor says you are to be kept quiet," she answered to every one of his eager interrogations; "and so you must hold your tongue, if you please."

But to our mind it would have been better to let Mark speak on the subject of which his heart was so full, than to force him to brood over it silently on his sick bed, and put the evidence together bit by bit, until he arrived at an inalienable conviction of the truth of all he had seen and heard.

When the doctor came the next day, and would have reasoned with him, Mark simply pointed to the wound in his neck, and the deep dent in his head, and seemed to think these convincing arguments in favour of his view of the case.

The doctor went away quite angry at last, and upbraided Mark in strong terms for his wretched infatuation; but no sooner did the latter get about again, than he was received as a hero by the whole village. Even the pretty barmaid at the "Nealham Arms," who had hitherto been so impracticable, melted at the mere sight of him, and said, in sweet accents, as she mixed him something comforting with her own hands, "Come into the bar, Mr. Day; warmer there, and I want to talk. Did you really, really see a ghost? Honour bright, now?"

"Honour bright, Miss Dorothy, I did!" And Mark gave such a frightened glance towards the open door, that Miss Dorothy jerked it to sharply in the very face of an arriving customer.

"Tell us all about it," said she, in a voice of suppressed eagerness, not unmixed with horror. "I should like it beyond everything."

Mark would have done anything in the world to oblige Miss Dorothy, and he recounted his adventure from beginning to end; being very careful in the choice of his words, so that he might give no cause for offence, which could be used against him if he should ever be unfortunate enough to get into the spectre's power again.

Miss Dorothy scarcely drew breath until he had finished. But at each stage of the recital she crept nearer and nearer to Mark, until he had no convenient place for his arm but round her waist.

Instead of resenting the liberty most strenuously, as undoubtedly she would have done a few days ago, she seemed to find a certain comfort from the contact, and hinted delicately that her feelings towards him had changed unaccountably ever since she had heard of his adventure, and that now—

Here Miss Dorothy paused, and blushed becomingly.

Mark urged her to finish her sentence.

"I was only going to say," continued Miss Dorothy, playing nervously with the strings of her apron, and assuming indifference, "that Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins give up at Michaelmas, and I think it would be a very good opening for a young couple who were industriously disposed. And—and—Oh, how do you do, Mr. Langley?" she broke off, addressing this individual, who entered at the moment. "I hope you are quite well. What can I draw you to-night?"

Mr. Langley glared in at Mark, seated comfortably by the fire, and looked anything but comfortable himself. His sour, melancholy face elongated, his thin lip curled. "So you've caught the ghost-tamer, Miss Dorothy," he said, with a sneer. "What's to be the charge for seeing him? I'm very fond of a good exhibition."

"Now, Mr. Langley, personal jokes aren't fair," replied Miss Dorothy, with some little severity. "Mr. Day has been kind enough to tell me the whole story, and I must say, if every one had his courage—"

"No reflections, I hope?" interrupted Mr. Langley, in an aggressive tone.

"No reflections, of course, Mr. Langley; that's not my way, as you know; but I like every one to have their dues."

"So do I, if they don't make out their dues to be much higher than they ought. But some people are very fond of playing the hero, Miss Dorothy."

"Are they?" said she.

"But everything that glitters isn't gold."

"No," said Dorothy, and she laid her hand very significantly on a brooch Mr. Langley had given her, which glittered a good deal, but certainly was not gold—"I suppose not."

Mr. Langley felt as if his rage and jealousy would choke him. "Perfidious female!" he exclaimed, when he could find breath for such an emphatic asseveration. "I know what arts and pretences have conquered you, and I despise them. If I was to drink too much punch, and then fall over a stile and break my head, I've no doubt you'd be very partial to me, but I'd scorn to get any lady's favour by such paltry tricks. I wish you adieu." And the world-behind husband of pretty Dorothy departed in high dudgeon.

Miss Dorothy looked somewhat dismayed. She had parted with the old love, and not made sure of the new, and began to think that she might have been imprudent and precipitate. Her fears strengthened when she found Day sitting moodily over the fire, without expressing any of those feelings of gratitude and admiration she naturally expected, after having routed his rival so completely. The field was now open to him, and he did not try to take possession of it.

Mark had been wounded in his tenderest point—his vanity—by Langley's disparaging remarks; and, in spite of every inducement to remain, took up his hat, and soon bade her good night.

The next morning, however, Mark called at the "Nealham Arms," and finding Miss Dorothy alone in the bar, told her plainly that he should like to take the house at Michaelmas, and herself at the same time, if she had no objection; and, as Miss Dorothy had no objection, the matter was soon settled to the perfect satisfaction of both.

Coming out of the "Nealham Arms," his long interview over, who should Mark encounter, face to face, but Langley.

Mark held his head high, and smiled triumphantly. He had had the best of it all ways, and was cheered by the consciousness.

He was now a man of mark in Nealham, and the rustic population regarded him with a species of awe.

They were never weary of listening to his tale, as they sat over their beer; and would question him minutely as to details, waiting open-mouthed for each reply.

If Mark varied a little in his statements, as he was apt to do, or exaggerated the horrors of the adventure, and the extent of his wounds, no one contradicted him.

Had any one doubted him, Mark would have shown the scar on his neck, as the most conclusive evidence of his veracity. But there was no need for this. The parson and the doctor still held out against conviction, it is true, but Mark had ceased to argue the matter with either of them; and as their scepticism was looked upon as ignorance by the Nealhamites, and did not affect Mark's general reputation, he did not trouble himself much about it. And the *clerc-avant* Miss Dorothy, more blooming and affable than ever as Mrs. Day, upholds him in his convictions, finding her constancy good for trade.

Very often the rector meets Mark, now one of the most prosperous of his parishioners, and asks him laughingly if he has been to war with the spirits again of late.

"No, sir; you must remember that I promised not to intrude upon them again," is Mark's invariable reply.

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Supposing I take your place on the second of January next?"

"I wish you would, sir," answered Mark, in all sincerity; "and then I am sure I should never hear you make fun again of the Nealham Ghost."

On the completion of the stout man's story, various opinions were expressed as to whether Mark Day had really seen these ghosts of Nealham. The elderly party with the cotton umbrella was decidedly of opinion that he had; while the old gentleman in swallow-tails observed that, although he did not absolutely ignore the existence of ghosts, he was decidedly of opinion that Mark had taken too much punch.

"And that's my opinion, too," said the stout man, quaffing a glass of similar beverage at the same time; "and now," he added, turning to the elderly party, "it is your turn."

[As we do not wish to rob the readers of this Christmas Number of a surprise, we shall not disclose the *denouement*, which will afford a hearty laugh round any Christmas circle.]

Varieties.

A TIGHT FIT.—Intoxication. SELF-CONCEIT is about as uncomfortable a seat as a man can have for a steady thing.

THE desert is an ocean upon which we can walk; it is the image of immensity.

DISTANT RELATIONS.—People who imagine they have a right to rob you if you are rich, and to insult you if you are poor.

WOMAN'S TONGUE.—The tongue of a woman is her sword, and she never suffers it to grow rusty.

"THE little darling, he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby a-purpose, did he? It was a mere accident, wasn't it, dear?"—"Yes, ma, to be sure it was; and if he don't behave himself, I'll crack him again."

Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the bed of the servant, and told him if he moved he was a dead man. "That's a falsehood," said he, "for if I move, I'm sure that I'm alive."

RATHER PRECOCIOUS.—"Tilly," said a mother to her daughter, who had seen but five summers, "what should you do without your mother?"—"I should put on every day just such a dress as I wanted," was the prompt reply.

A MERCHANT examining a hog's head of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice, found it all right, except a hammer less than the invoice. "Och! don't be troubled," said the Irish porter; "sure the carter took it to open the hog's head with."

"In short, ladies and gentlemen," said an over-powered orator, "I can only say—I beg leave to add—I desire to assure you—that I wish I had a window in my bosom that you might see the emotion of my heart." (Vulgar boy from the gallery): "Won't a pane in your stomach do this time?"

"I COME for the saw, sir." "What saucer?" "Why, the saw, sir, that you borrowed." "I borrowed no saucer." "Sure you did, sir; you borrowed a saw, sir." "I never saw your saucer." "But you did; there's the saw now, sir." "Oh, you want the saw. Why didn't you say so?"

FENELON, who was always teasing Richelieu in vain for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, told him one day that he had just seen his picture. "And did you ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu, sneeringly. "No, I saw no chance," replied Fenelon, "as it was like you."

An American paper supplies the following:—"I don't miss my church so much as you suppose," said a lady to her minister, who had called upon her during her illness, "for I make Betsy sit up by the window as soon as the bells begin to chime, and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have got anything new."

THE QUESTION.—A little, keen, bright eyed girl of four years, on a visit one evening, was assisted on the knee of a gentleman friend, and on being told by her mother that she was too old a baby to hold, retorted almost immediately, accompanying the words with a gesture, "Why, girls of nineteen years sit on laps, and you wouldn't call them babies, would you?"

CHIT-CHAT.—The learned Buxtorf informs us, in his "Hebrew Lexicon," that the primeval name of Eve is derived from a root signifying talk; that it was, perhaps, from a dim idea of this kind that the Robbins owed their tradition that the twelve baskets of chit-chat—it could not be gossip, for there were no neighbours to gossip about—were rained down into Paradise, for Adam and Eve to amuse themselves with, of which twelve Adam picked up three, and Eve the other nine.

IGNORANCE FOR TWO!—Two gentlemen disputing about religion in Button's Coffee-house, said one of them, "I wonder, sir, you should talk of religion when I'll hold you five guineas you can't say the Lord's Prayer." "Done," said the other, "and Sir Richard Steele shall hold the stakes." The money being deposited, the gentleman began with, "I believe," &c., and so went cleverly through the Creed. "Well," said the other, "I own I have lost; I did not think he could have done it."

THE WESTERN ESQUIMAUX.—The mode of marriage is curious. When a man has fixed upon his choice, he proceeds to the girl's mother, and asks at once for the daughter's hand; if the mother is satisfied that he can support a wife by the produce of the chase, and beside has nothing objectionable, she gives her consent. The bridegroom then gets a complete suit of clothing, and tenders it for the girl's acceptance; the bride takes it to her mother, and returning dressed in it, is considered his wife. In the same manner two men sometimes marry the same woman—a custom which seems to have its origin in the paucity of the softer sex. After the marriage ceremony has been performed, infidelity is very rare.

DOUBLE TROUBLE.—A little darky was found in front of a house in Laurens-street, the other night. "What's de matter wid you?" asked a coloured woman. "De matter's 'uff—double trouble all ober de house. Farder am drunk, mudder am gone home wid close—siss broke de lookin'-glass wid de broomstick—de baby hab got her eyes full ob cyan pepper, and Pete Wood put de mustard on her hair for goose-grease. I put salt in my tea fur de wite sugar wat mudder has when Professor Hannibal comes to see her, and it made me sea-sick. De dog licked Pete's face, and got his mouf full ob mustard, and lies under de bed a howlin. De kitten got her bed in de milk-pot, and I cut her hed off to sabe de pitchur, and den I had to brake de pitchur to get de hed out, and de way I'll git licked when mudder cumns home, fur settin de bed afire, will be a sin."

American Paper.

MONKEY GLEANERS.—Chinese ingenuity is said to have succeeded in teaching monkeys to gather tea on those spots which are not accessible to man but at the hazard of life. The monkeys clamber up to the tea plants, gather the green leaves from between the branches, and throw them down to those who are standing below. In order to encourage them to exertion, their masters throw up food to them from time to time. There is still another useful lesson which the Chinese have taught them. The labourer drives a herd of the monkeys who congregate in the mountain wilderness, into a part of the country which abounds in the tea plant, and then sets about worrying and hunting them. The monkeys in their retreat break off the tenderest branches of the plant and throw them at their pursuer, who gathers them forthwith under his arm, with thanks for the shower of missiles. *Jurasche Courier.*

CRAMER AND COMPANY (Limited) LTD. ON HIRE the following PIANOFORTES for Three Years, after which, and without any further PAYMENT WHATEVER, the Instrument becomes the property of the Hirer:—

28 Guinea Pianette, in Rosewood or Walnut, £2 12s. 6d. per quarter.

42 Guineas Drawing-room Model Cottage, Rosewood, £3 18s. 9d. per quarter, or Walnut, £3 18s. 9d. per quarter.

60 Guineas Semi-oblique, Rosewood or Walnut, £5 5s. 6d. per quarter.

Other Instruments, such as Grands, Semi Grands, &c., may also be hired on the same system.

Every Instrument is warranted of the **VERY BEST MANUFACTURE**, inferior Pianofortes being entirely excluded from the stock. Quarterly payments are required.

HARMONIUMS ON THE SAME SYSTEM.

PIANOFORTE (the Largest in Europe), 207 and 209, Regent-street, W.

Office of "The Orchestra" (music and the drama, every Saturday, 3d. Office of "The Musical Monthly Magazine," edited by Vincent Wallace.

RUPTURES—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LIVER TRUSS is allowed by upwards of 20 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of **HERNIA**. The use of a steel spring, so hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being round the body while the requisite rising power is supplied by the **MOC-MAIN PAD** and **ATTENT L-VIR TIT** with a much ease and convenience that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hip, being sent to the manufacturer.

JOHN HUTCHESON, 278, 1C ABILITY, LONDON.

Price of a Single Truss, 9s. 6d., 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

Double Truss, 1s. 6d., 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Postage 1s. 6d.

An Umbilical Truss, 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. Postage 1s. 6d.

Post-office orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, post-office, 1c Ability.

NEW PATENT

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE-CAPS, &c.

For VARICOSE VEINS, and all cases of

WEAKNESS and TWELVING of the LIGAMENTS, SPRAINS, &c. They are porous, light in texture, and

inexpensive, and are drawn on like an ordinary stock

ing. Price from 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., to 16s. each. Postage 1s.

JOHN WHITE MANUFACTURER, 223, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Now ready, in an Illustrated Wrapper, price 6d.

PART XIV OF

F I C T I O N,

FOR FAMILY READING.

EDITED BY ELIZA WINSTANLEY.

CONTENTS:—

TERMS OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL. Illustrated

THE SONG OF THE TES. Illustrated

The Children's Daughter. Illustrated

A Mystery of the Sea. Illustrated

A Fairy Story. Illustrated

Behemoth. Illustrated

Brady's Adventure. Illustrated

A Party, and What Came of It. Illustrated

Bonaparte Céline. Illustrated

A Fairy Story. Illustrated

Something for All to Read. Illustrated

Making Discoveries. Illustrated

The Convolvulus Pattern. Illustrated

The Blind Girl's Love. Illustrated

TRICKS FOR TRICKS. Illustrated

A Fearful Lie. Illustrated

Winter Rose. Illustrated

Sebier's Annsberg. Illustrated

Nell's Victory. Illustrated

Esther. Illustrated

The Pretty Fairy Maid. Illustrated

How He Sinned for Her. Illustrated

A Ride with the Wind. Illustrated

The Mother's Mistake. Illustrated

Dr. Charlton's Wife. Illustrated

A Fairy Story. Illustrated

The Gratiated Wish. Illustrated

A Fairy Story. Illustrated

The Marvelous Dog. Illustrated

Poetry:—

Father, do not drink again.

Baby's Gone to Sleep. Illustrated

Lines. Illustrated

Nan the Popular Girl. Illustrated

At a Volume, price 1s., and Volumes II., III., IV., V., price 1s. 6d. each.

London: J. DICKS, 33, Strand. All Booksellers.

NOTICE.—In consequence of the great demand for Part I of

LOVELY LITTLE LIES.

With which is presented, gratis, a Splendid Coloured Picture of the "Children in the Wood," a Supplement of Needlework Patterns, a Set of Quaints, and Paris Fashion Plate, a new Edition has been issued, price 6d., thus offering an excellent opportunity to new subscribers to take Box Books from the commencement.

London: J. DICKS, 33, Strand.

DOMESTIC TALES OF REAL LIFE.

ENTITLED

E L L E N P E R C Y;

OR

THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS.

By G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

This beautiful story is now being issued in Weekly Numbers, and Monthly parts.

Two Numbers, for ONE PENNY. Sixteen Pages. Illustrated by GILBERT.

Part I also ready this day, price 6d.; or Number I, price ONE HALFPENNY.

Now publishing, in Weekly Numbers and Monthly Parts,

THE LIFE AND EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH WILMOT,

THE MAN-SERVANT.

By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

Illustrated by Edward Corbould.

Two Numbers weekly One Penny—Monthly Parts Sixpence.

* * Part I now ready. To be completed in 12 parts.

London: J. DICKS, 33, Strand; all Booksellers.

THE PEOPLES LAW BOOK (4th Edition).

Now ready, in cloth, price 3s. 6d., or 3s. 10d., post-free.

A GUIDE TO THE LAW FOR GENERAL USE.

By EDWARD REYNOLDS, B.A., Barrister-at-Law.

A few books of a more generally useful character than this have been issued from the press for many years past. Within a marvellously small compass the author has condensed the main provisions of the law of England applicable to almost every transaction, matter, or thing incidental to the relations between one individual and another. *Morning Advertiser.*

STEVENS and Sons, 26, Bell-yard, Lincoln's-inn.

Now publishing, in cloth, price 3s. 6d., or 3s. 10d., post-free.

A GUIDE TO THE LAW FOR GENERAL USE.

By EDWARD REYNOLDS, B.A., Barrister-at-Law.

A few books of a more generally useful character than this have been issued from the press for many years past. Within a marvellously small compass the author has condensed the main provisions of the law of England applicable to almost every transaction, matter, or thing incidental to the relations between one individual and another. *Morning Advertiser.*

STEVENS and Sons, 26, Bell-yard, Lincoln's-inn.

Now publishing, in cloth, price 3s. 6d., or 3s. 10d., post-free.

A GUIDE TO THE LAW FOR GENERAL USE.

By EDWARD REYNOLDS, B.A., Barrister-at-Law.

A few books of a more generally useful character than this have been issued from the press for many years past. Within a marvellously small compass the author has condensed the main provisions of the law of England applicable to almost every transaction, matter, or thing incidental to the relations between one individual and another. *Morning Advertiser.*

STEVENS and Sons, 26, Bell-yard, Lincoln's-inn.

Now publishing, in cloth, price 3s. 6d., or 3s. 10d., post-free.

A GUIDE TO THE LAW FOR GENERAL USE.

By EDWARD REYNOLDS, B.A., Barrister-at-Law.

A few books of a more generally useful character than this have been issued from the press for many years past. Within a marvellously small compass the author has condensed the main provisions of the law of England applicable to almost every transaction, matter, or thing incidental to the relations between one individual and another. *Morning Advertiser.*

STEVENS and Sons, 26, Bell-yard, Lincoln's-inn.

Now publishing, in cloth, price 3s. 6d., or 3s. 10d., post-free.

A GUIDE TO THE LAW FOR GENERAL USE.

By EDWARD REYNOLDS, B.A., Barrister-at-Law.

A few books of a more generally useful character than this have been issued from the press for many years past. Within a marvellously small compass the author has condensed the main provisions of the law of England applicable to almost every transaction, matter, or thing incidental to the relations between one individual and another. *Morning Advertiser.*

STEVENS and Sons, 26, Bell-yard, Lincoln's-inn.

Now publishing, in cloth, price 3s. 6d., or 3s. 10d., post-free.

A GUIDE TO THE LAW FOR GENERAL USE.

By EDWARD REYNOLDS, B.A., Barrister-at-Law.

A few books of a more generally useful character than this have been issued from the press for many years past. Within a marvellously small compass the author has condensed the main provisions of the law of England applicable to almost every transaction, matter, or thing incidental to the relations between one individual and another. *Morning Advertiser.*

STEVENS and Sons, 26, Bell-yard, Lincoln's-inn.

Now publishing, in cloth, price 3s. 6d., or 3s. 10d., post-free.

A GUIDE TO THE LAW FOR GENERAL USE.

By EDWARD REYNOLDS, B.A., Barrister-at-Law.

A few books of a more generally

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
DEC 5

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
A MYSTERY.
DEC 5

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
WILL BE OPENED
DEC 5

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR,
AND WHO KNOCKED AT IT.
DEC 5

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
THE GENTLEMAN IN EVENING DRESS.
DEC 5

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
THE LADY IN BLACK SILK, TRIMMED
WITH WHITE.
DEC 5

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
THE OLD GENTLEMAN IN A
SWALLOW-TAIL COAT.
DEC 5

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
THE YOUNG PERSON IN BOOK-MUSIC.
DEC 5

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
THE STOUT MAN WITH THE
SKYE-TERRIER.
DEC 5

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
THE ELDERLY PARTY WITH A
COTTON UMBRELLA.
DEC 5

NOTICE.
The attention of our readers is most respectfully
called to the
BOW BELLS ALMANACK
FOR 1867.

This handsome Almanack, containing
THIRTY-EIGHT MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVINGS,
far surpasses, both in elegance and general information,
any almanack that has ever been issued in this
country.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.	
1.—Frontispiece—Summer Flowers	
2.—Title-page	
3.—Snowdrop	
4.—Prospero and Miranda	
5.—"At Paul" or "Making a Cast"	
6.—Early Love	
7.—"Popping the Question"	
8.—Winter on the Nile	
9.—A Strong Breeze	
10.—Gregory of Tours	
11.—The Wreck and the Life-boat	
12.—April Showers	
13.—Italian Peasant Girl	
14.—The Fisher Boy	
15.—The Garland	
16.—Highland Mary	
17.—Mother's Hope	
18.—Young Love and Roses	
19.—The Orphans	
20.—Crossing the Brook	
21.—The Butterly	
22.—A Labour of Love	
23.—The Hayfield	
24.—Under the Corn Sheaves	
25.—The Road to the Brook	
26.—The Farm-yard	
27.—Gathering Wild Berries	
28.—Sunset	
29.—The Harvest Field	
30.—Nymphs of Bacchus	
31.—The Children in the Wood	
32.—Thrashing Chestnut Trees	
33.—Wet and Gloomy	
34.—Orsini and Viola	
35.—Netting Rabbits	
36.—Christmas Cheer	
37.—The Last Kiss	
38.—"Be Sick Boy	

CONTENTS:

Army and Navy Agents; Ambassadors; Bankers; Calendar, Sun and Moon Rising and Setting, High Water at London Bridge, and Gardening Directions throughout the Year; Cab Fares; Commissioners' Tariff; City of London, Officers of; Notes of the Month; Eclipse, Exhibitions, &c.; Form of a Will; House of Commons, Members of; Jewish Calendar; Law and University Terms; London an Tenant; Market and Wages Table; Metropolitan County Courts; Officers of State; Public Holidays; Postal Regulations; Public Notices; Queen's Household; Prince of Wales' Household; Particular Days; Queen and Royal Family; Belgian Sovereigns; Registration of Births and Deaths; Seasons; Solar Cycle; Stamp and Tax Duties; Transfer and Dividend Days; Weights and Measures; Remedies in Case of Accidents, &c.; French and English Coins; Sunday Lessons; Table of Income; Quarter Sessions; Stations of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade; Sovereigns of England from the Norman Conquest; Prime Ministers from George III; Theatres, Music Halls, and Places of Public Amusements; Emigration Agents; Tide Table for the Principal Ports &c. of the United Kingdom.

Free Sixpence: per post, two stamps extra.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand, and all booksellers.

SHAKSPEARE, ONE SHILLING.

SHAKSPEARE, COMPLETE, ONE SHILLING.

SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS, COMPLETE, ONE SHILLING.

SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS, COMPLETE, with portrait, ONE SHILLING.

SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS, COMPLETE, with life and portrait, ONE SHILLING.

SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS, COMPLETE, with life and portrait, and 36 illustrations, ONE SHILLING.

SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS, COMPLETE, with life and portrait, and 26 illustrations by Gilbert, Wilson, &c., printed in bold, legible type, and good paper, being the cheapest book in the world. ONE SHILLING.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand

The Great Novel,
C A R Y N T H I A :
THE LEGEND OF
B L A C K R O C K .
THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER
O F
B O W B E L L S .
ILLUSTRATED BY HUARD.
DEC 5.
ONE PENNY.

The Best Novel,
C A R Y N T H I A :
THE LEGEND OF
B L A C K R O C K .
By the best novelist of the day.
THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER
O F
B O W B E L L S .
ILLUSTRATED BY HUARD.
DEC 5.
ONE PENNY.

The Greatest Novel,
C A R Y N T H I A :
THE LEGEND OF
B L A C K R O C K .
By the greatest novelist of the day.
THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER
O F
B O W B E L L S .
ILLUSTRATED BY HUARD.
NO. 123.—DEC 5.
ONE PENNY.

The most Popular Novel,
C A R Y N T H I A :
THE LEGEND OF
B L A C K R O C K .
By the most popular novelist of the day.
THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER
O F
B O W B E L L S .
ILLUSTRATED BY HUARD.
NO. 123.—DEC 5.
ONE PENNY.

ECHOES FROM THE BELFRY.
BY AN OLD BELL-RINGER.
THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER
O F
B O W B E L L S .
ILLUSTRATED BY HUTCHINSON.
NO. 123.—DEC 5.
ONE PENNY.

ROSE LEIGH; OR, THE MYSTERY OF
AVENHAM.
BY MRS. CROW.
THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER
O F
B O W B E L L S .
ILLUSTRATED BY F. GILBERT.
NO. 123.—DEC 5.
ONE PENNY.

THE GREAT CHRISTMAS NUMBER
O F
B O W B E L L S .
(No. 123), to be published Dec. 5th, will contain the following attractive features:
1.—CARTHINA: The Legend of the Black Rock. Illustrated.
2.—ECHOS FROM THE BELFRY: The Wedding Peal. Illustrated.
3.—ROSE LEIGH; or, the Mystery of Avenham. Illustrated.
4.—ADVENTURES; National Customs and Curious Facts: A Tiger Adventure in India; Present of Mind; Oysters.
5.—THE FINE ARTS: "A Winter Scene in Brussels," from a painting by Charles Corneille Auguste de Groux.
6.—PICTURESQUE SKETCH: Cashibury Park.
7.—ETIQUETTE FOR GENTLEMEN.
8.—THE LOST KEY. (COMPLETE TALE).
9.—HER BEAUTIFUL HAND. (POEM).
10.—THE LADIES' PAGES: Some Great Men's Wives; The Misses.
11.—THE WORK-TABLE: Knitted D'Oyley; Fringe with Narrow Edging in Knitting.
12.—THE TOILETTE AND LADIES' GUIDE.
13.—KIDDIES' ENIGMAS, &c.
14.—OUR OWN SPHINX.
15.—MUSIC: Galop.
16.—MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES, &c.: The United Kingdom; Periodicals; Secrets too Late; A Royal Railway Carriage; Hints on Food; Sleep; What Pride Does for Us.
P R I C E O N E P E N N Y.
London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

R E Y N O L D S ' S M I S C E L L A N Y .
Part 22, now publishing. Price 6d.
contains:—

THE FACTORY STRIKE.
Illustrated.

A LONDON MYSTERY.
Illustrated.

THE PHANTOM INN: A TALE OF THE
BLACK COUNTRY.
Illustrated.

HIGH AND LOW; OR, TWO PHASES OF
LIFE.
Illustrated.

A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES
ON NATURAL HISTORY.

And following subjects of interest:—The Bargaining Sex—Dogs (continued)—The Manufacture of salt (Illustrated)—Paul Vassar's Model (complete tale)—Modesty and Presumption—Darling, Tell Me Yes (poem)—peach at a Marriage Breakfast—The Fox, Wolf and Jackal—Hannava—Madness—the Misery of Human Life—The Fox, &c. (continued)—A Struggle for Life (complete tale)—A Frog Story—Storm-song (poem)—Female Brigades—The Thimble—Volunteer Drill for Single Men—What is Love? (poem)—The Wolf—The Dumb Counter-sign (complete tale)—Reflection—Curiosities of the kin—The Jackal—The Beautiful Alanson (complete tale)—Wise Sayings—The Widow's Cap (poem)—Imagination—Fiction—Preventive—A Selfish Country Theatre—My Saxon Bed (poem)—Selfishness on a Sick Bed—Institute of Reason—Nature—Sharp Lessons—Wit and Humour—Chess—Practical Receipts—Notices to Correspondents, &c., &c.
London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

M O O R E and MOORE LET on HIRE the following PIANOFORTES for three years, after which, and without any further charge whatever, the pianoforte becomes the property of the hirer: Pianettes, 2d guineas per quarter; Piccolos, 3 guineas per quarter; Cottage Pianos, £3 10s. per quarter; Drawing-room Model Cottage, £3 18s. per quarter; Oblong Grand, 5 guineas per quarter; Cottage Grand, 6 guineas per quarter. These instruments are warranted, and of the best manufacture. Extensive Ware-rooms, 104 and 105, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C. Jury Award International Exhibition 1861. Honourable Mention for Good and Cheap Pianos to MOORE and MOORE.

TRAVIS'S AMATEUR INTERLUDIST,
a collection of 164 short interludes, to play between the verses of the Psalms, in one book, price 4s.; Travis's Amateur Preludist, a collection of preludes, with the organ stops carefully marked, in three stops, price 4s. each; or the three books in one volume, neatly bound, price 10s. 6d.
Brewer and Co., 23, Bishopsgate-street, Within, E.C.

S TANDARD ENGLISH SONGS.—As I've nothing else to do (Hatton)—The Bride (Nelson)—Cheer for the Pilot (Sporle)—by Fatherland (Barnett)—Fear not but trust in Providence (Nelson)—Fiar Tuck (Barker)—Life is a River (Nelson)—Of what is the old man thinking (Knight)—Give to me those early flowers (Ulenstein)—The Pilot (Nelson)—Say, what shall my song be to-night (Knight)—Spirit of Air (G. Linley)—The Veteran (Knight)—The Normandy Maid (a nette)—The Grecian Daughter (Knight)—Welcome, my bonny lad (G. Linley)—The best of all good company (Philip)—The old soldier's daughter (Knight). To be had of all Musicians. Price 2s. 6d. each; forwarded on receipt of 16 stamps
London: BREWER and Co., 23, Bishopsgate-street
Within.

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES

A JACK AND ALL BOY. 1,000 Customers wanted every week for "Top's Sixpenny Packet of Stationery, consisting of Old Friends with New Faces. Three Amusing Games, Twenty-four Sheets of Note Paper, Twenty-five Envelopes, Penholders and Pens, and Blotting Paper, Three Dozen Ornamental Labels, the Ivory Memorandum Tablets and the highly Ornamental Dominoes. The whole of this marvellous packet sent post free on receipt of eight stamps, by W. F. GOOD, Engraver, &c., Bi-hop-lane, Hull.

N.B.—For 4d. extra a polished plate, size 3 by 2, with your name engraved, will be enclosed.

A WATCH—ONE SHILLING!

W EBB AND SON will send, for fourteen stamps, free by post and securely packed, one of their beautiful, genuine, and novel Swiss productions—brass movement and key, enamelled face, richly gilt and embossed case; the best material, the best workmanship: a true, serviceable, and permanent TIME INDICATOR. Warranted for two years.—WEBB and SON, Watchmakers, Francis-street, Star-lane, Fulham, London. Three sent for thirty stamps: a full descriptive Catalogue sent on receipt of stamped directed envelope.

M ONEY.—A GENTLEMAN is willing to advance CASH, to any amount, to respectable persons—male or female—in town or country, on their own security. The utmost secrecy can be relied on. Apply to Mr. ROBERTSON, 21, Fish-street-Hill, London-bridge. Letters, enclose 2 stamps.—This is genuine.

N ICHOLSON'S NEW SILKS.
200 Patterns—representing £20,000 worth of new silks—post-free, on application.—50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard.

D O YOU WISH YOUR CHILDREN WELL DRESSED?—Boys' Knickerbocker Suits in Cloth, from 1s. 9d. Useful School Suits from 1s. 9d. Patterns of the cloths, directions for measurement, and 49 engravings of new dresses, post-free.—NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard.

L UXURIANT WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES guaranteed by "FOX'S NOTED FORMULA" to grow heavily in six weeks on the smoothest face—by acting directly on the sebaceous glands, without injuring the skin; also a sure remedy for baldness. Thirteen stamps.

Mr. FOX, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

GOOD FAMILY MEDICINE
A CHIE-T, with proudest use, has saved many a life; and yet we think the idea might be improved upon, and reduced to a more simple form. Take some good compound, such as C. & J. B. & CO.'S ANTI-BILIOUS TINCTURE, and we find that the desired and may be obtained without scales and weights, or little mysterious compartments, and enchanted bottles with crystal stoppers. Others might be used, but COCKLE'S PILLS, as tested by many thousands of persons, and found to answer their purpose so well, may be set down as the best."—*Observer*.

T RAVIS'S INSTRUCTION for the ORGAN and HARMONIUM, with Progressive Exercises for Pedal playing. Price 4s.
Brewer and Co., 23, Bishopsgate street, Within, E.C., and may be had of all Musicians in the United Kingdom.

PEOPLE'S EDITION OF BYRON.—UNIFORM WITH THE SHILLING SHAKESPEARE.

T HE immense success which has attended the issue of the cheapest edition of Shakspeare's works ever published, has proved how well the loftiest strains of poetry are appreciated by the millions. To place within their reach the production of another of Britain's greatest bards, an idea that naturally suggests itself. The poet of description and passion beyond all rivalry, Lord Byron must preserve throughout all ages in the same temple which enshines Milton, Shakspeare, and Wordsworth. To stir the profound depths of the human heart,—to conduct the reader through scenes of surpassing beauty and splendour,—to baffle the sententious force of language with the sublime elevation of thought,—this was the power of Byron. The man and the poet were so intimately blended, and the spectacle presented by both was so touching, mysterious, and lofty, that it is no wonder if an almost unexampled degree of interest has associated with the name of Byron.

The rank and misfortunes of the noble poet—his self-exile from England—the mystery wh ch he loved to throw around his history and feelings—the apparent depth of his sufferings and attachments—and his very misanthropy and scepticism, relieved by burst of tenderness and pity,—all form a combination of high and holy sentiments,—all form a combination of personal circumstances in aid of the legitimate effect of his passionate and graceful poetry which is unparalleled in the history of modern literature.

To place the works of this great writer within the reach of those to whom in the same way the plays of Shakspeare are already given, now becomes a most pleasant task. The aim and the intention will be to present the

CHEAPEST AND COMPLETEST EDITION OF
LORD BYRON'S WORKS

THE FIRST NUMBER will be issued during the month of December, Price One Penny, accompanied by a well-executed

PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON, and two or three illustrations drawn by Frederick Gilber.

It is requested that early orders may be given to the various booksellers and dealers in cheap periodicals, to prevent disappointment.

London: J. DICKS, No. 313, Strand.

L ETTS'S CHEAP DIARIES FOR 1867 are published in over fifty different forms, and are especially suited to the wants of Mechanics, Shopkeepers, and Servants. Catalogues gratis of all Booksellers.

HOGARTH'S PICTURES.
Now ready, in one Handsome Quarto Volume, bound in cloth, price, 5s.; post free. 6s. Cases to bind.

Volume 1, price 1s. 3d.; post free, 4d. extra.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH.

With descriptive letter press from the pens of eminent writers, and notes from the critics of the best commentators (Walpole, Trusler, &c.).

London: JOHN DICKS, No. 313, Strand; and sold by all booksellers in town and country.

HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

Now ready, in one Handsome Quarto Volume, bound in cloth, price, 5s.; post free. 6s. Cases to bind.

Volume 1, price 1s. 3d.; post free, 4d. extra.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH.

With descriptive letter press from the pens of eminent writers, and notes from the critics of the best commentators (Walpole, Trusler, &c.).

London: JOHN DICKS, No. 313, Strand; and sold by all booksellers in town and country.

HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

Now ready, in one Handsome Quarto Volume, bound in cloth, price, 5s.; post free. 6s. Cases to bind.

Volume 1, price 1s. 3d.; post free, 4d. extra.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH.

With descriptive letter press from the pens of eminent writers, and notes from the critics of the best commentators (Walpole, Trusler, &c.).

London: JOHN DICKS, No. 313, Strand; and sold by all booksellers in town and country.

HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

Now ready, in one Handsome Quarto Volume, bound in cloth, price, 5s.; post free. 6s. Cases to bind.

Volume 1, price 1s. 3d.; post free, 4d. extra.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH.

With descriptive letter press from the pens of eminent writers, and notes from the critics of the best commentators (Walpole, Trusler, &c.).

London: JOHN DICKS, No. 313, Strand; and sold by all booksellers in town and country.

HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

Now ready, in one Handsome Quarto Volume, bound in cloth, price, 5s.; post free. 6s. Cases to bind.

Volume 1, price 1s. 3d.; post free, 4d. extra.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH.

With descriptive letter press from the pens of eminent writers, and notes from the critics of the best commentators (Walpole, Trusler, &c.).

London: JOHN DICKS, No. 313, Strand; and sold by all booksellers in town and country.

HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

Now ready, in one Handsome Quarto Volume, bound in cloth, price, 5s.; post free. 6s. Cases to bind.

Volume 1, price 1s. 3d.; post free, 4d. extra.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH.

With descriptive letter press from the pens of eminent writers, and notes from the critics of the best commentators (Walpole, Trusler, &c.).

London: JOHN DICKS, No. 313, Strand; and sold by all booksellers in town and country.

HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

Now ready, in one Handsome Quarto Volume, bound in cloth, price, 5s.; post free. 6s. Cases to bind.

Volume 1, price 1s. 3d.; post free, 4d. extra.